WILL ROOSEVELT HOLD THE NEXT CONGRESS?

A Revealing Election Forecast

NOV. 3, 1934

Liberty

5¢

NRA CODE

FOOTBALL IS SISSY STUFF

by

MEIGS O. FROST

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STARVING. . .yet they *Dreaded* the coming of the *FOOD SHIP*

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds *are* caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

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Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

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For Colds and Sore Throat . . . LISTERINE . . . The Safe Antiseptic

NOVEMBER 3, 1934

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BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ARTIFICIAL FIXATION OF WAGES AND PRICES LEADS TO DISASTER

ECONOMIC law is as definitely fixed as the movements of the heavenly bodies. We cannot escape its dominating force.

Certain bodies of men can join together and force their wages above their actual earning power. Monopolistic business executives can join their efforts and raise the price of their output. Temporarily there may be gains from such questionable activities. But in the end somebody will have to pay the price of this artificial procedure.

The writer lays no claim to special knowledge in the field of economics. But you do not have to be a philosopher in this particular science to arrive at conclusions that are as simple as the deduction that two and two make four.

We are trying to get away from the depression. We especially desire to remove the unemployment evil. We want to give jobs to more people.

But the very procedure that we have adopted will ultimately reduce the number of jobs and also reduce the sale of the output of labor. You cannot get around this conclusion. It is just as plain as the nose on your face.

When the price of labor is raised, this automatically increases the price of production, regardless of its nature.

And every time that you increase the price of anything there are not so many buyers. And when buying is lessened jobs become more scarce.

The beginning of this depression made a good start when the word went out from the White House during Hoover's reign that there should be no reduction in wages.

The mandate of a President is highly respected by the majority of our citizens, and the efforts made to retain high wages notwithstanding the slump in business put literally millions of people out of work.

And we must remember that you can never satisfy Capital and you can never satisfy Labor. They always want more.

In the textile strike that became such a heated controversy just a short time ago, the wages of these workers were increased 70 per cent through the efforts of the code which was adopted under the NRA. And still they are not satisfied.

Furthermore, the increase in wages of the textile trade added to the price to the consumer to such an extent that sales were greatly decreased. And the natural result of this change found many workers in this field minus their jobs.

And undoubtedly the present dissatisfaction is partly caused by the increase in unemployment among these workers.

We have accepted the principle that every idle worker must be housed and fed. The dole, which destroys the morale and devitalizes the race mentally and physically, is fully upon us with millions on the charity pay roll. The colossal tax that will have to be paid as a result of this procedure will take money from every available source, and the high wages that have been artificially boosted will have to bear a large portion of this tax.

In Australia, where a procedure similar to the NRA was tried out for many years, the tax became so severe that a man who was earning fifty dollars a week had to pay twenty-five dollars in taxes.

Although equal distribution of income regardless of the nature of one's work may not be desirable, equalization of opportunity should be available to everybody.

And when certain cliques of men form an alliance and monopolize opportunity, whether they are employers or employees, whatever gain they may secure will in the end be futile because they will have to pay their share in supporting the idlers.

The emergency efforts made by the administration to remedy the tragic difficulties we were facing in the depression, were undoubtedly justified. But if this procedure is made permanent it will lead to certain disaster. It cannot possibly be otherwise.

The workers who boosted their wages beyond the amount the business can carry will reduce the sale of the product produced through their effort, and unemployment will naturally result. And ultimately the worker who holds his job will have directly or indirectly to pay his share of the amount required to support the idle workers.

Many workers seem largely to ignore the buying value of their wages. For example, the NRA insisted on an increase in wages generally. This order was carried out to a certain extent throughout nearly all kinds of business.

But the increase that was made in wages in no way equaled the increase in the cost of living. It is not an exaggeration to say that for every one-dollar increase in the pay of workers, five dollars was added to the cost of living.

And this idea of insisting on a certain standard of wages should be supplanted by a certain standard of living acceptable to all workers.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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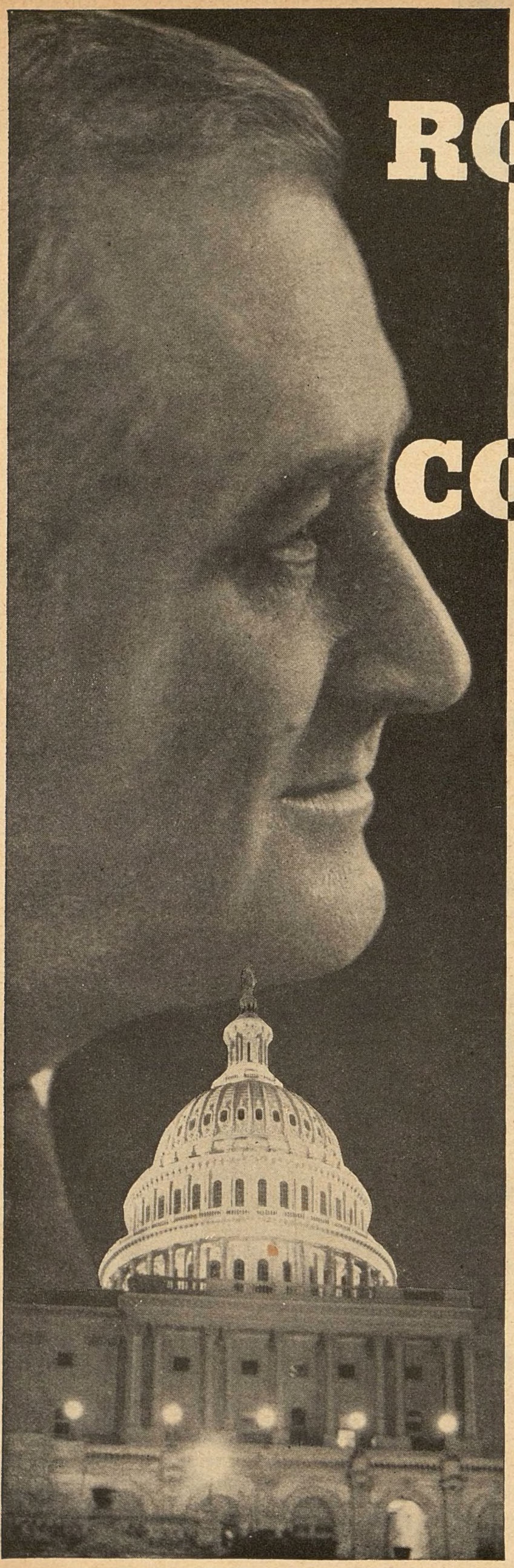


Will ROOSEVELT Hold the NEXT CONGRESS?

If 1,669 Editors Are Right, the Answer Is Emphatically YES—Liberty Presents a Novel and Revealing Election Forecast

by DON WHARTON

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IN response to letters of inquiry sent out by Liberty, letters have been received from the editors of 1,669 American newspapers—newspapers in every state in the Union: 25 in Alabama, 16 in Arizona, 29 in Arkansas, 52 in California, and on through the alphabet to Wyoming. All the letters are about one subject—the Congressional elections in November—and each editor is answering a simple question: How many of your state's seats in the House of Representatives will be won by the Democrats?—by the Republicans?—by a third party? And in those thirty-two states which this November are also electing a United States Senator each editor is also answering another question: Which party will win the seat now held by your Senator? Each editor was assured that his opinion about what was going to happen within his state would not be revealed—not even to the newspaper's stockholders.

The questions went out to the editor of every daily newspaper and of every weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly of 2,000 or more circulation. There were 3,706 newspapers to whom Liberty sent the questions, and there are, as I have said, 1,669 replies. Add up the answers state by state, and you have a very simple story:

The Democratic Party will win the national elections in November. It will retain its majority in the House. It will increase its majority in the Senate.

These editors predict that the Democratic Party will elect 276 Representatives to 152 for the Republicans, 3 for the Progressives of Wisconsin, and 4 for the Farmer-Laborites of Minnesota; it will elect 19 Senators to 11 for the Republicans, 1 for the Progressives, and 1 for the Farmer-Laborites; it will have in the House 117 more seats than the Republican, Progressive, and Farmer-Labor parties combined; it will have in the Senate 34 more seats than the Republican, Progressive, and Farmer-Labor parties combined.

Which means that the Democratic Party will lose 37

seats in the House and yet, winning 276 in all, will have more than any party ever had after the elections of a non-Presidential year; that the Democratic Party will gain 5 seats in the Senate and have more seats there than any party ever had at any time in our history; that, in short, the Roosevelt administration will be given stronger support than has ever been given any administration after two years of power.

This is the combined judgment of the newspaper editors. They are, save for the politicians themselves, unquestionably the most politically minded group in our country. They have more contacts with the people of their states, more sources of information as to political developments, more experience and ability at gauging the trend of events than any class that I can think of. Give them freedom to say what they think and a chance to speak in confidence, and they quickly throw aside the prejudices of their employers and take on the impartiality of a good reporter.

I have found no end of Republican papers predicting Democratic gains, and Democratic papers predicting Democratic losses. At the bottom of letter after letter the editors have typed or penciled such remarks as: "State elections will probably show heavy Democratic leanings. I am a Republican and how!" "I look for a mighty lean year for the Republicans. I am, by the way, a hard Republican." "I have opened up, believing you wanted facts. I am not anxious to be quoted, for I have to live here."

These editors may have it wrong. They may have misjudged dozens of states and scores of districts. It may be anybody's guess until the night of November 6, but until then we have the thought of 1,669 editors and we might as well examine it more closely.

I think that this can best be accomplished by dividing the country into eight sections and beginning with a comparison of their indicated alignments in the Congress to be elected this November (the 74th) with the actual alignments in the Congress elected back in 1932 (the 73d). The South is as good a section as any to start with. Of the 377 editors replying from the South all except one in North Carolina and three in Texas agreed on the following results in their states:

STATE	73D CONGRESS				74TH CONGRESS			
	Senate		House		Senate		House	
	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.
Alabama	2	0	9	0	2	0	9	0
Arkansas	2	0	7	0	2	0	7	0
Florida	2	0	5	0	2	0	5	0
Georgia	2	0	10	0	2	0	10	0
Louisiana	2	0	8	0	2	0	8	0
Mississippi	2	0	7	0	2	0	7	0
North Carolina	2	0	11	0	2	0	11	0
South Carolina	2	0	6	0	2	0	6	0
Texas	2	0	21	0	2	0	21	0
Virginia	2	0	9	0	2	0	9	0
Total	20	0	93	0	20	0	93	0

Such returns need no analysis. They show that the South is giving Mr. Roosevelt the support, in the form of Democratic Senators, which it has given every Democrat who got to the White House. But the South is evidently giving Mr. Roosevelt something extra. There isn't space to quote many of the letters, but we can take Alabama, which is agricultural and typical of the deep South, and North Carolina, which is industrial and normally 40 per cent Republican. Alabama: "The New Deal has gone over the top here," and "Solidly behind Roosevelt in this section," and "There are one or two counties in the state which usually elect Republican officials, but I believe this is not true at present—everything is Roosevelt."

And then, from North Carolina: "Roosevelt New Deal is exceedingly popular," and "State sold on the Roosevelt administration," and "This county has large Republican vote normally, but such Democratic sentiment now that Republican Party has difficulty in getting county ticket."

The editors in the border states—Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Oklahoma—are not so unanimously agreed about Mr. Roosevelt's hold on their section. They indicate this alignment:

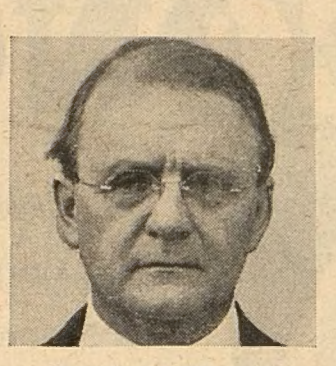
STATE	73D CONGRESS				74TH CONGRESS			
	Senate		House		Senate		House	
	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.
Maryland	1	1	6	0	2	0	5	1
West Virginia	1	1	6	0	2	0	5	1
Kentucky	2	0	9	0	2	0	7	2
Tennessee	2	0	7	2	2	0	7	2
Missouri	1	1	13	0	2	0	10	3
Oklahoma	2	0	9	0	2	0	8	1
Total	9	3	50	2	12	0	42	10

The returns look paradoxical. Here the Democrats are not only losing eight Representatives while gaining three Senators but are actually losing five of those Representatives in the very three states—Maryland, West Virginia, and Missouri—in which they gain the three Senators. The paradox, however, is superficial. The Republican Senators whom the newspapers expect to see replaced by Democrats—Goldsborough of Maryland, Hatfield of West Virginia, and Patterson of Missouri—all went in on the Hoover landslide of 1928. (In Maryland the Republican candidate for the Senate is former Representative Hill, Mr. Goldsborough having given up his chance of being returned to the Senate for what turned out to be a futile attempt to secure the Republican nomination for Governor.) Likewise, the seats in the House which the newspapers expect the Democrats to lose were all gained in the Roosevelt landslide of 1932. Here, patently, is a return to normalcy.

In the East we have the same apparent paradox and, if you like, the same explanation. The Democrats gain two seats in the Senate and lose five in the House. Their losses are in New York and Pennsylvania, where Republican seats in the House had dwindled from 50 in 1926 and 48 in 1930 to 38 in 1932; their gains are in Delaware, where they capture the Republican seat of Senator Townsend, who in 1928 captured the Democratic seat of Senator Bayard, and in New Jersey, where they increase their House strength to five and capture the Republican seat of Senator Kean, who in 1928 captured the Democratic seat of Senator Edwards.

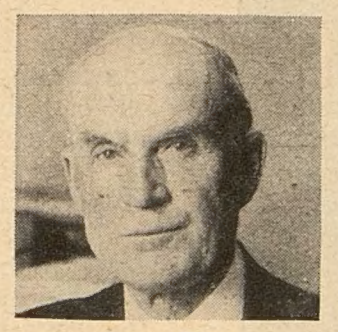
Townsend—Delaware

Hatfield—West Virginia



Patterson—Missouri

Kean—New Jersey



Fess—Ohio

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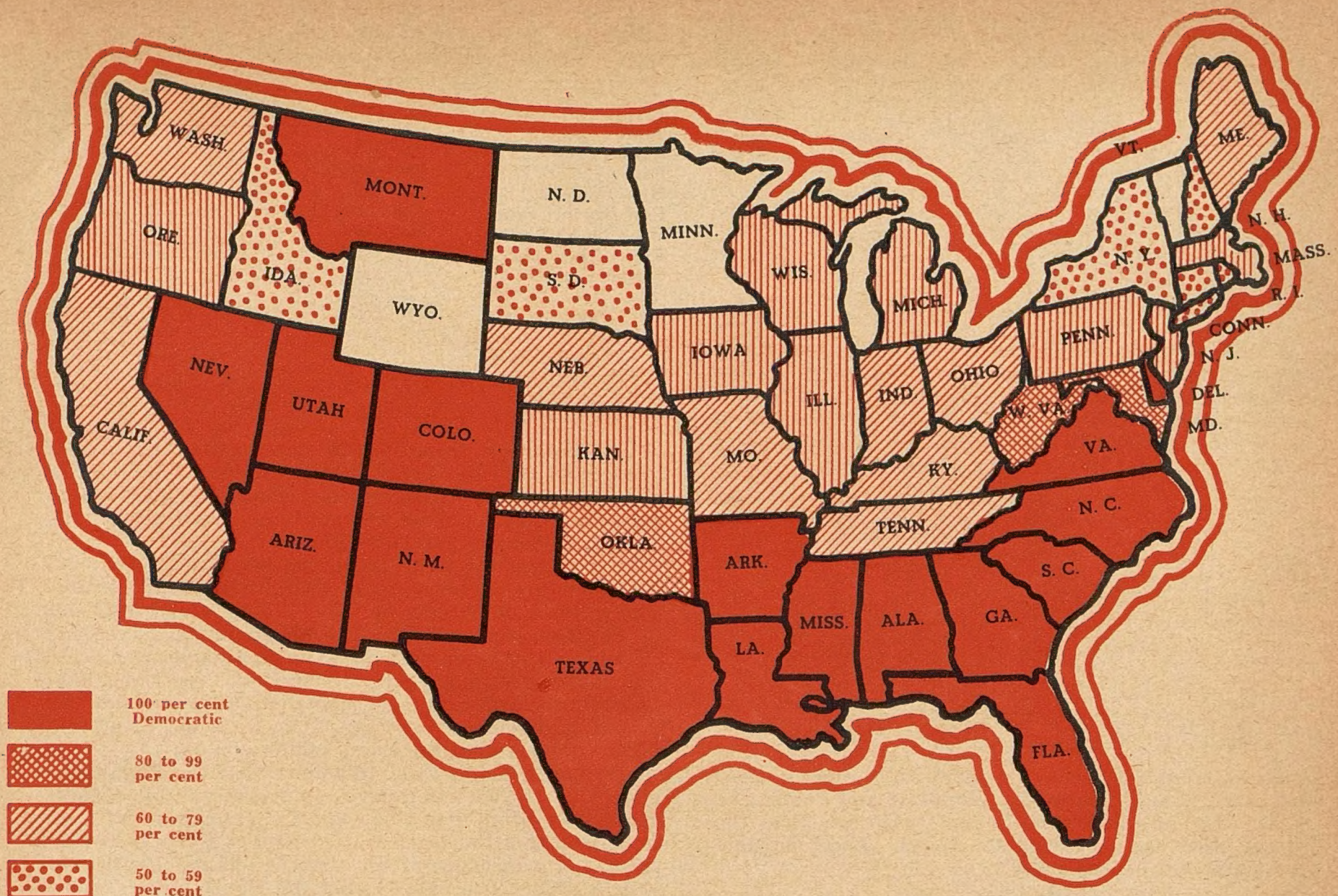
Goldsborough—Maryland

Will these Republican Senators be succeeded by Democratic victors?



Democratic strength in the House as forecast by newspaper editors

The alignment in the states in question is as follows:

STATE	73D CONGRESS				74TH CONGRESS			
	Senate		House		Senate		House	
	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.
New York	2	0	29	16	2	0	25	20
New Jersey	0	2	4	10	1	1	5	9
Pennsylvania	0	2	12	22	0	2	10	24
Delaware	0	2	1	0	1	1	1	0
Total	2	6	46	48	4	4	41	53

The Democratic loss of five of their forty-six seats in this region would be a 10.5-per-cent loss—to be compared with the 12.2-per-cent loss indicated for the Democrats in the nation as a whole, the 16-per-cent loss indicated in the border states, and the 16.6-per-cent loss indicated in New England. But New England gives the Democrats no compensating gain in the Senate. The editors of Massachusetts are convinced that their state will reëlect a Democratic Senator—David Walsh, of course—but the editors of Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut are equally convinced that their states will reëlect Republican Senators. (Maine has already held its election.) The alignment indicated is:

STATE	73D CONGRESS				74TH CONGRESS			
	Senate		House		Senate		House	
	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.
Maine	0	2	2	1	0	2	2	1
New Hampshire	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Vermont	0	2	0	1	0	2	0	1
Massachusetts	2	0	5	10	2	0	4	11
Rhode Island	0	2	2	0	0	2	1	1
Connecticut	1	1	2	4	1	1	3	3
Total	4	8	12	17	4	8	11	18

Connecticut is one of the four states which increase their Democratic strength in the House. The others are New Jersey, Minnesota, and California.

We can now turn to the West, and begin with the alignment indicated for the East North Central states:

STATE	73D CONGRESS						74TH CONGRESS					
	Senate			House			Senate			House		
	D.	R.	P.	D.	R.	P.	D.	R.	P.	D.	R.	P.
Ohio	1	1	0	18	6	0	2	0	0	15	9	0
Indiana	1	1	0	12	0	0	1	1	0	9	3	0
Illinois	2	0	0	18	9	0	2	0	0	13	14	0
Michigan	0	2	0	10	7	0	0	2	0	7	10	0
Wisconsin	1	1	0	5	5	0	1	0	1	4	3	3
Total	5	5	0	63	27	0	6	3	1	48	39	3

Look carefully at Ohio and you will see that it is giving the Republicans three Democratic seats in the House and the Democrats a Republican seat—that of Simeon D. Fess—in the Senate. Then look at Indiana, which is also giving the Republicans three Democratic seats in the House but is not giving the Democrats a Republican seat—that of Arthur R. Robinson—in the Senate. Logically Fess and Robinson, on their records, should stand or fall together. But politics isn't logic.

Of the three other states in this section, Illinois gives five Democratic seats to the Republicans and has no Senatorial election; Michigan gives three Democratic seats to the Republicans and reëlects a Republican Senator; and Wisconsin gives one Democratic and two Republican seats to the Progressives and reëlects Mr. La Follette—as the head of the Progressive Party rather than a nominal member of the Republican. The Democratic loss in the House adds up to 15, or 23 per cent of the 63 seats won

in 1932. Numerically the loss is heavier than that in any other section. Proportionately it is exceeded only in the West North Central states, where the editors give the Republicans 35 per cent of the Democrats' 17 seats:

STATE	73D CONGRESS						74TH CONGRESS					
	Senate			House			Senate			House		
	D.	R.	F.-L.	D.	R.	F.-L.	D.	R.	F.-L.	D.	R.	F.-L.
Minnesota	0	1	1	1	3	5	0	1	1	2	3	4
N. Dakota	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	2	0
S. Dakota	1	1	0	2	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0
Nebraska	1	1	0	5	0	0	1	1	0	3	2	0
Iowa	1	1	0	6	3	0	1	1	0	3	6	0
Kansas	1	1	0	3	4	0	1	1	0	2	5	0
Total	4	7	1	17	12	5	4	7	1	11	19	4

In Wyoming the Democrats face their only loss of a seat in the Senate—that of Joseph C. O'Mahoney. Senator O'Mahoney took his seat by appointment last December, voted against certain bonus legislation, and will now, the editors say, go down before Vincent Carter, an ex-service man who has been in the House since 1929.

STATE	73D CONGRESS				74TH CONGRESS			
	Senate		House		Senate		House	
	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.
Montana	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0
Idaho	1	1	2	0	1	1	1	1
Wyoming	1	1	0	1	0	2	0	1
Colorado	2	0	4	0	2	0	4	0
Utah	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0
Nevada	2	0	1	0	2	0	1	0
Arizona	2	0	1	0	2	0	1	0
New Mexico	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0
Total	13	3	13	1	12	4	12	2

Aside from the Senatorial rebuff in Wyoming, the results indicated for the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast states are more favorable to the Democrats than those in any other section except the South. The following is the alignment on the coast:

STATE	73D CONGRESS				74TH CONGRESS			
	Senate		House		Senate		House	
	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.
California	1	1	11	9	1	1	13	7
Oregon	0	2	2	1	0	2	1	2
Washington	2	0	6	0	2	0	4	2
Total	3	3	19	10	3	3	18	11

In losing 37 seats in the House the Democrats merely follow precedent. The party controlling the House has invariably lost seats in the by-election—at least it has in every by-election as far back as 1854, beyond which I have no records. Hence the 1934 House figures have more meaning if compared with those of 1930 as well as those of 1932. In 1934 the Democrats are the "ins" and are supposed to lose seats; in 1930 they were the "outs" and were supposed to win them. The following are the actual alignments of the 72d and 73d Congresses and the indicated alignment for the 74th:

SECTION	72D		73D		74TH	
	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.
South	93	1	93	0	93	0
Border	44	13	50	2	42	10
East	29	63	46	48	41	53
New England	7	25	12	17	11	18
East North Central	32	54	63	27	48	39[3]
West North Central	6	34[1]	17	12[2]	11	19[4]
Rocky Mountain	4	10	13	1	12	2
Pacific Coast	3	16	19	10	18	11
Total	218	216	313	117	276	152

[1] 1 Farmer-Labor
[2] 5 Farmer-Labor
[3] 3 Progressive
[4] 4 Farmer-Labor

The important thing here is not the Democratic loss since 1932 but the Democratic gain since 1930. After two years with Mr. Roosevelt the Democrats have 58 more seats than they could get without him. Their majority is also better balanced and distributed.

It is impossible to resist interpreting these 1934 by-election figures in terms of the 1936 Presidential election. The records show that the party which wins the House in the by-election wins the Presidency in the succeeding election. It is a rule without so much as one exception in the past forty-four years. The House elections have taken on the aspect of a speedometer. Of course you can look at a speedometer and say, "Oh, we're not going that fast." That's what the losing politicians do.

Mr. Smith didn't want to believe that the Republican victory in the 1926 elections was a measure of his chances against Mr. Hoover in 1928; and Mr. Hoover didn't want to believe that the Democratic victory in the 1930 elections was a measure of his chances against Mr. Roosevelt in 1932. The party losing the House always wants to think that its Presidential campaign will be the exception. And if you go back far enough you will find an exception: Mr. Cleveland, elected President in 1884 after the Democrats had won the House in 1882, was defeated in 1888 although the Democrats won the House in 1886.

Mr. Roosevelt may be another Cleveland. He may be given the House in 1934 and denied the Presidency in 1936. But the odds are against that—if the Democratic victory in the by-elections is as abundant as the newspapermen indicate.

The precedent of forty-four years may be easily dismissed if the Democrats barely pull through on November 6, but not if they get 276 seats in the House and 65 in the Senate.

THE END

DON WHARTON
is a magazine editorial worker and is editor of The Roosevelt Omnibus, a forthcoming book. He used to be a newspaper man; began as printer's devil in North Carolina, his native state. Graduate of Davidson; has also studied government and history at Harvard.

Will the 74th Congress Line Up Like This? 1,669 Newspaper Editors Say It Will!

STATE	NUMBER OF NEWSPAPERS REPLYING	SENATE			HOUSE		
		D.	R.	I.	D.	R.	I.
Alabama	25	2	0	0	9	0	0
Arizona	16	2	0	0	1	0	0
Arkansas	29	2	0	0	7	0	0
California	52	1	1	0	13	7	0
Colorado	17	2	0	0	4	0	0
Connecticut	11	1	1	0	3	3	0
Delaware	7	1	1	0	1	0	0
Florida	51	2	0	0	5	0	0
Georgia	26	2	0	0	10	0	0
Idaho	11	1	1	0	1	1	0
Illinois	55	2	0	0	13	14	0
Indiana	84	1	1	0	9	3	0
Iowa	87	1	1	0	3	6	0
Kansas	54	1	1	0	2	5	0
Kentucky	41	2	0	0	7	2	0
Louisiana	23	2	0	0	8	0	0
Maine*	—	0	2	0	2	1	0
Maryland	17	2	0	0	5	1	0
Massachusetts	46	2	0	0	4	11	0
Michigan	50	0	2	0	7	10	0
Minnesota	43	0	1	1	2	3	4
Mississippi	29	2	0	0	7	0	0
Missouri	53	2	0	0	10	3	0
Montana	19	2	0	0	2	0	0
Nebraska	23	1	1	0	3	2	0
Nevada	12	2	0	0	1	0	0
New Hampshire	13	1	1	0	1	1	0
New Jersey	52	1	1	0	5	9	0
New Mexico	11	1	1	0	1	0	0
New York	60	2	0	0	25	20	0
North Carolina	48	2	0	0	11	0	0
North Dakota	21	0	2	0	0	2	0
Ohio	78	2	0	0	15	9	0
Oklahoma	63	2	0	0	8	1	0
Oregon	17	0	2	0	1	2	0
Pennsylvania	90	0	2	0	10	24	0
Rhode Island	6	0	2	0	1	1	0
South Carolina	17	2	0	0	6	0	0
South Dakota	19	1	1	0	1	1	0
Tennessee	24	2	0	0	7	2	0
Texas	96	2	0	0	21	0	0
Utah	13	2	0	0	2	0	0
Vermont	11	0	2	0	0	1	0
Virginia	33	2	0	0	9	0	0
Washington	27	2	0	0	4	2	0
West Virginia	31	2	0	0	5	1	0
Wisconsin	46	1	0	1	4	3	3
Wyoming	12	0	2	0	0	1	0
	1,669	65	29	2	276	152	7

*The figures for Maine show the results in its election, already held.

Dear Youth

A Gay, Tender Story of Lost-and-Found Love and a Mender of Broken Hearts

by JOHN CASTLE HUNT

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

POP SORDIE sat on a low sand dune gazing out over the sea. The sky was a clear summer blue. The brisk breeze blowing in from the ocean roughed Pop's thick waves of snow-white hair and beard. Pop's slender white hands were crossed over the hooked end of his gold-headed cane. Beside him his small white poodle sat erect.

Pop was watching for the girl and the boy. Beyond the dune on which he sat, only a few feet away, backed by another dune and winding between the low wind-raked pines, ran a path—an oddly secluded little path, very fitting for those who sought communion in isolation. Along that path, for nearly a week now, the boy and the girl had come strolling daily, talking little in breathless low tones, utterly absorbed in their own concerns, quite oblivious to the old white-haired man and the little white dog sitting on the low dune as they passed.

The girl could not be more than twenty and the boy not more than twenty-six or twenty-seven. He was almost startlingly handsome, with an eager questing face, yet not so handsome that he was without determination and purpose. The girl—well, not even Pop could call the girl handsome. Their utter absorption in each other left him brooding there by the sea every day, with a forlorn little ache sitting lonely in the empty room in his heart—the room that had been shuttered and locked so many years ago.

They were late today, and Pop was conscious of a growing unease. Then suddenly he started, staring. *She* was coming, she alone. And the bright patina of glory

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

Pop rose from his knees. "There seems to be a good deal o

was gone from her face, and her unseeing eyes stared straight ahead. She was walking very slowly.

Pop frowned in dismay, caught his breath, and glanced down at the little white poodle beside him. His hand flashed out to snatch up a small stone lying on the white sand. He folded his handkerchief around the stone and with a deft whip of wrist and hand sent the missile flying downward. The white handkerchief lighted precisely where he had aimed it, squarely in the girl's path. She did not see it.

"Fetch it, Helen!" whispered Pop, but the little white poodle was already on her feet.

This was an old game, a never-palling game. She pounced upon the handkerchief so closely in front of the girl that the girl almost stumbled over her.

The girl stopped short, startled, stared down at the poodle, then raised her startled gaze to Pop as the dog raced back to him with the handkerchief. Pop put the handkerchief in his pocket, rose to his feet, tall—six feet and three inches tall—straight, and courtly on the low

nyx washing up here this year. How does onyx sell, Bruce?"

dune. "I apologize for my little dog," said Pop with great deference. "And for the very rude breeze that blew my handkerchief directly before your feet." (The girl was for the moment quite past noticing that the breeze was blowing from the opposite direction.)

The girl smiled, but the smile was quite without meaning. "He is a dear little dog and you needn't apologize for him. And the breeze is only rude because it is happy. So, you see, there is no need to apologize for anything at all."

Pop laid a hand on the dog's head. "His name is Helen. Helen of Troy; platinum blonde."

"Oh! Then apologies *are* in order. I apologize to Miss Helen." The girl paused, gazing very intently at Pop. Then she shook her dark head. "You look like Sir Galahad grown recklessly old. Are you quite real?"

"Sir Galahad didn't have a humped nose," answered Pop gravely. He descended from the low dune with Helen frisking at his heels. "Would you make the day brighter

for Helen and me by walking on the beach with us?"

A little light flitted over the girl's somber face. "Oh, yes! I would always go walking with a Sir Knight, were he recklessly old or sedately young. And I wouldn't at all be jealous of Helen of Troy."

They did not speak again till they stood on the shining sand facing the wide heave of the sea.

"What happened to the Sir Knight who is so beautifully young and eager, my dear? For of course something happened."

The girl turned fathomless eyes on Pop's fine old face. "This morning he married my sister and went away."

"Ah!" breathed Pop. "How I love courage!" His brown eyes plunged deep into her unwavering gaze. "You see, it was in your face—the utter resignation to the irrevocable. But—I sat every day to watch you go by—and I heard now and then a word he spoke; I saw what was alive in his face."

The girl gave him again that smile. "How kind you are! The *breeze* that blew the handkerchief? You didn't want me to be alone—with it—did you?"

"No," said Pop. He laid an arm across her shoulder. He lifted the other hand and took hers gently in his lean strong fingers.

THE girl repressed one dry tearless sob. "Oh, *kind*—what an inadequate word. You mustn't think that there was any surreptitious or selfish action anywhere. He—his name is Halbert Weymouth. Halbert always did love Angel. It never was I. Angel always loved Hal. I always loved him, too; but neither of them ever suspected it. That's about all there is to tell. Angel isn't like any one else on earth. Everybody loves her. They were made for each other. She is fair and generous and good, and beautiful enough to take your breath away. So is he. And I am just the ugly changeling, grateful for my corner in the nest where I can watch the gods go by. But I couldn't help loving him. Do you see how any one could?"

"No. No, I don't." Pop's hand tightened on her shoulder. "He is a noble piece of work."

"Yes—that; always." The girl caught back another hard tearless sob. "And Angel! Dear Angel. I think we grew up to our names. Our surname is Mercy. Angel Mercy. (But it's Angel Weymouth now.) When Angel was three years old I was born. And mother said she must have been a bit hysterical when she coined Angel Mercy, so she went to the other extreme with me. She named me Lena. There were never any other children. Lena Mercy—what a name!"

"Oh, I don't know," protested Pop. "Ninety-two years ago my mother named me Tobias Luther Sordie. For an endless period I was Toby. Now I'm only Pop Sordie. There are names and names."

"But Angel was beautiful always. Couldn't there have been a little left for me?"

"But you *have* beauty," said Pop steadily. "And that is quite a different thing, infinitely more desirable." His gaze turned to her face. "There is thought in the brow; sensitivity in the nose; steadfastness in the jaw; passionate intensity in the mouth; penetration in the eyes; courage in the soul. What more could you ask?"

"I could ask—I could have asked—for *him*. Oh—Pop!" And suddenly Lena Mercy was sobbing, deep wrenching sobs. "Oh, Pop! How can I stand it? I loved him so much! When I think of all the empty years! Without him! Never even to walk down the path with him again, as I did when he was restless and Angel was so busy getting ready to be married and go away! Never to hear him talk, even if it always was about his lovely Angel. Never to see him. I wish I could just walk straight out into the sea—there, into the merciless waves, into the forever."

Her voice choked.

"I know," said Pop softly. "So many times I could have walked into the sea! And I would have done it the first time, only I knew that Helen of Troy would have walked into it too, at my heels. This little dog digging in the sand is Helen the Fourteenth, you see. The first Helen had belonged to a girl, Lena, and after that there was always a Helen of Troy, so that I couldn't walk into the sea."

"Oh, God!" Lena Mercy disengaged herself from his embrace, straightened her shoulders. "No, dear Pop. We don't walk into the sea. What *do* we do?"

Pop walked away for a few steps, stooped, picked something up, and came back to her. He extended his palm toward her. In it lay a small irregular stone half as large as a hen's egg, dull and grayish, coated almost entirely with a white deposit.

"It may be nothing but a rock," said Pop. "But it also might be a fine piece of onyx, fine enough for a ring or a brooch."

"Still kind!" breathed Lena Mercy. "Yes—let's go down the beach looking for stones."

Four hours had elapsed before they returned to the low dune. They had found two stones that they decided to keep. Lena also knew about stones.

She rolled the two around in her palm, frowning at them judicially. "This one might be a good piece of chalcedonyx, don't you think?"

"I've no doubt it's chalcedonyx," Pop replied. "I'm *in* doubt only about the quality. Tomorrow we'll take them down to the agate shop and see."

"Tomorrow—we?" breathed Lena.

"But certainly," replied Pop again very promptly. "Aren't you going to walk the beach again tomorrow with Helen and me?"

For an instant Lena only stood and stared at him. Then she cried out under her breath: "Oh, God—all the gods—bless you!" Then she turned swiftly and ran from him down the winding path between the wind-raked pines.

Pop went up the slopes of the dunes into the little sea town and sent a telegram:

MR BRUCE DERRINGER
ARGONNE APARTMENTS
PORTLAND OREGON
I AM IN LAKANDSEA I NEED YOU YOU WILL FIND ME AT THE ONLY HOTEL IN TOWN TOBIAS SORDIE

Pop had come to the little town of Lakandsea, as he came every summer, in the manner in which one comes to a shrine. Lakandsea, lying on the long point of land stretching between the lake and the sea which gave it its name, was Pop's shrine of memories—of memories that he dared not lose, memories scattered back through his ninety-two years, of a face that had turned to dust, of the patter of little feet, the little feet of his Helens of Troy.

NEXT day when he arrived at the dune Lena Mercy was there before him, waiting restlessly. Helen raced up to her with a small welcoming bark.

"Dear, dear! Am I late?" Pop was humbly apologetic. "Helen presents our regrets. Shall we first stroll down the beach and see what we find today, or shall we first go to the agate shop to have the faces polished off the stones we found yesterday?"

"Oh, let's go see what we find first, and then go to have them all polished at the same time. I wish I might find one nice enough to have put into a bracelet for Angel."

"Well, we both know this beach," Pop returned as they walked toward the sea's edge together, "so we both know that we might easily do that. We might even find something nice enough to have made into a little tie pin for Halbert. That is—if he wears pins."

There was a little gleam of gratitude in Lena's eyes. "Oh, he'd love it."

But that day the sea had cast up nothing along those particular beds more than some very indifferent pieces of common chalcedony. Pop and Lena verified that fact when they took to the agate shop the stones they had picked up.

"Oh, well, better luck tomorrow!" Pop said, smiling, and his smile grew at the quick look Lena flashed up into his face. "Why, yes, tomorrow, and many more tomorrows, if you will. It's fascinating pastime, hunting for stones when you never know what you might find. How long are you staying here?"

"God help me, Pop—I *live* here." Lena's lips smiled slightly but the haunted eyes did not smile. "How long are *you* staying?"

"Why, until you do not need me any more, my dear," said Pop; and this time it was he who walked away very quickly, because he could not bear to watch the look on her face. Helen trotted after him reluctantly, looking back as if she did not quite want to go.

That evening Pop Sordie, half a block up the street, saw Bruce Derringer's car roll up to the hotel. He hastened his footsteps so that he met Derringer emerging from the hotel door with the intention of looking for him.

"Good evening, Bruce," Pop greeted him. "You haven't lost any time."

Derringer frowned and leaned to pat Helen. "I don't, usually, when I receive a message like that. Where's the war?"

"Down on the beach," said Pop; "so we'd best go down there to discuss it. Roll your car into the garage and come along."

On the foam-rimmed sand, Derringer questioned abruptly: "Well, Pop, what is it? You haven't been telling lies for the sake of some beautiful young lady again, have you?"

Pop shook his white head. "No, Bruce. There *is* a young lady concerned, but the occupation of telling lies for her would be wasted, and she is not beautiful."

"That's good," grunted Bruce, "so long as a lady has to be mixed up in it—and one usually is where you're concerned. I have no use for the beautiful ones. I learned too well, at too great cost, that they frequently acquire grotesque ideas and desert you when you're least prepared for the deluge. Oh, yes—it's still raw. You needn't look at me like that. I haven't had time to forget it yet."

"WHICH all has a familiar ring," retorted Pop. "This lady's name is Lena Mercy. She has lost on this beach a priceless jewel. I don't know how to describe it to you, Bruce. I think it was green—green is for verdure and life, isn't it? Yes, I'm sure it was green, with a rose light in its heart. But I'm not asking you to find it for her. She knows she can never find it again. But—I did think that between us we might help her to find some bright little stone to cherish in its place."

Derringer stared. "You haven't a touch of the sun, have you, Pop? What kind of stone would that be? And what could one probably find along this beach? Chrysoprase maybe, or sard, or perhaps a little chunk of heliotrope! I wouldn't waste time looking for the trash that's picked up on this beach!"

Pop surveyed Derringer quizzically. "Can nothing but precious stones interest you? Why, out here on this beach I found the most beautiful bit of almost Prussian-blue feldspar with a bright clean-cut pattern of sard across its face. When it was polished it looked like a Chinese character splashed in mandarin red across a sapphire. You poor jewel snob, Bruce! How do you know what you might find for her, or I? She is heartbroken, utterly inconsolable over the loss of her jewel."

"Yeah?" There was almost a slight sneer in Derringer's wry smile. "What was his name?"

"His name doesn't matter," said Pop quietly. "He married another woman. That does matter. She—"

The younger man's face set grimly and his eyes flared with anger. "I hate to say it, Pop, but sometimes you're nothing but a damned meddling old fool! This is once your infernal matchmaking fails. I've had enough. I'm cured! I thought at first you really had some genuine problem on hand."

"The way you leap at conclusions is a little nauseating," said Pop. "What makes you think you'd be good enough for Lena Mercy, even if she would look at you twice—which I doubt? Now you listen to me. Your personal affairs are no concern of mine. I don't give a tinker's dam whether you ever fall in love again or not. I wouldn't presume to offer you to Lena Mercy in lieu of the very handsome young chap who fills her soul's eye. I have something very practical in mind. Have I your attention, Bruce?"

He laid an arm across her shoulder. He lifted the other hand and took hers gently in his lean strong fingers. The girl repressed one dry sob.

Derringer heaved a sigh of relief. "Quite. My apologies, Pop. But, really, it did sound that way. Your romantic talk of a lost precious stone—"

"My romanticism never hurt me yet," retorted Pop grimly. "I wasn't likening the young man she loves to a stone: I meant that stone as a symbol of her love and her dreams—green for verdant life, rose for hope. It went over your head. You were too busy thinking of yourself and your pet grief. Well, enough of that. I called you down here for a very definite purpose. Are you so much of a jewel snob that you have nothing but precious stones in a shop the size of yours?"

"Shop!" sniffed Bruce. "You know well enough that mine is the biggest jewelry store in town."

"And I also know," added Pop, "that you're something of a crank about your clerks knowing stones well. Which brings us around. Lena Mercy knows stones. She loves them, too. She lives here, and she has nothing to do but walk the beach and think. That's hell. She needs something to do, something else to think about. And—"

"In other words," Derringer interrupted—"and a position in a jewelry store, in a city a hundred miles away, working with the stones she loves, sounds like an efficacious antidote?"

"Oh, the idea is beginning to penetrate, is it?" Pop smiled dryly. "Yes; just that. You'll be doing a humane thing for her and an indulgent act for me. We'll see her on the beach in the morning."

The next morning when Pop Sordie met Lena Mercy beside the low dune he was accompanied by a tall broad-shouldered young man whose crisp hair lay close to his head like purled gold in the sunlight, whose keen blue eyes passed lightly over the girl's face with the perfunctory glance of casual inspection. But his perfunctory glance did not miss the hostile and startled look that flashed into her gaze. He would have been astounded to know that that hostility was born instantly of the resentful feeling that no man had a right to be more beautiful than Hal. A little antagonistic silence fell.

Pop stepped into the breach suavely. "Miss Mercy, may I present my friend Bruce Derringer? Mr. Derringer is a jeweler, from Portland. He comes down here frequently to look for stones that wash up on the beach; happened to drop in last night and I persuaded him to walk with us this morning. I told him he could have any stones I might find. I hope you don't object?"

Lena relaxed a little.

"It's quite all right, Pop. Any friend of yours will be welcome. It will be nice to have some one along who knows stones, Mr. Derringer."

"Thank you." Derringer bowed stiffly, resenting her antagonism as she resented his presence.

THE three started down the beach together, and Derringer spoke, partly to make conversation in that uncomfortable atmosphere and partly to sound the girl's knowledge of stones. "You are seriously interested in stones, Miss Mercy? I mean as stones, in their crystallization, their color and water?"

"Why, yes." Lena nodded, flicking him a glance and dropping her gaze back to the agate bed, the litter of rock strewn along the sand. "I have a nice collection at home. The majority of them were found on this beach."

"I see." Derringer prodded her to further speech. "What types of stones, may I ask?"

Lena glanced up at him, frowning. "Just what types would be found here, Mr. Derringer? I've found several water agates—one that is very good: a fine smoky yellow stone, blended and clouded with clear greenish gray, which holds at least a half teaspoonful of water. I've a moss agate three by four inches that contains a perfect sunset landscape. Some fine chrysoprase, some excellent clear black onyx with exquisite banding. And a strange specimen of heliotrope that formed around a beautiful piece of petrified redwood. I have over a hundred and fifty finely colored and marked stones."

"You ought to do something with that knowledge of yours," Derringer said tentatively. "Commercialize it. You know, your services would be worth something to a jewelry store if you spent a part of your time here gleaning the worth-while stuff that could be used for costume jewelry."

"Why, I never thought of that!" Lena's steps slowed and for the first time she gave him her undivided attention. "I wonder! I've wished lately that I had something definite to do."

"Oh, the idea just occurred to me," Derringer said easily. "Jewelry being my business, I was struck with your familiarity with stones. We'll talk more about it later. It may be that we can come to a definite business arrangement. What have you found, Pop?"

"Just onyx." Pop rose from his knees on the sand and extended to view a little white-incrusted stone. "There seems to be a good deal of onyx washing up here this year. How does onyx sell, Bruce?"

"Very well." Derringer stepped to Pop and looked at the stone. "I just had an order from a woman for an onyx-and-silver necklace, costume stuff, and had a hard time filling it. Well, shall we get along and see what else there is lying about?"

DERRINGER was a man who drove through to an objective, once he had it, with as little loss of time as possible. Within four days' time, strolling down the beach and picking up chalcedony of different colors and types, Bruce ascertained beyond all doubt that Lena Mercy was exactly what Pop had said—a badly hurt person with a frantic need of something to do.

That evening he came to Pop's room in the hotel with a look of one who had accomplished another's good.

"Well, I've hired her, Pop. That was a good idea you had. A service to both her and me. I can certainly use her. She'll spend part of her time here and part in the store. Comes up to get into harness the first of next month. I thought you'd like to know. I'm turning in—leaving early in the morning. I probably won't see you before I go."

But he did. He rapped at Pop's door before Pop was awake the next morning and requested Pop to step into his room; he had something to show him. Pop slipped into his green-and-blue dressing gown and went into Derringer's room, Helen at his heels. Derringer without a word pointed to the small table in the center of the wall opposite the bed. On the table, lying in an open white-velvet box, was a stone, brilliantly polished, as large as a robin's egg.

Pop paused by the table to look at it and Derringer halted at his elbow.

"So," said Derringer softly. "She had lost a priceless jewel, had she? And I'm a bullheaded ass who leaps at conclusions in a nauseating manner and whose personal affairs are no concern of yours!"

Pop started slightly at the tone of his voice, but he ignored his words flagrantly and picked up the stone, to hold it to the light. It was a clear and brilliant emerald-green. In its heart was a fine high glow, red as a columbine.

"Lovely! Lovely!" breathed Pop. "What is it?"

"God knows how it came to be there," answered Derringer. "But it's alexandrite, one of the finest varieties of chrysoberyl. If a jewel man wasn't a snob he would call it a precious stone. I found it on the beach this morning—got the lapidarist out of bed to polish it. I went for a last walk with Lena. I—oh, hell! I just wanted to see her alone—the poor damn' kid was so lost, so hurt. We found that stone together. Lena has promised to wear it, set in a silver filigree crown, when we're married."

"When you're—married!" Pop stared, eyebrows raised. "Astounding! Bruce, you precipitate young man!"

"And of course you didn't know I was precipitate!" mocked Derringer. "You wanted her to have a job in my store, to get her mind off that poor dumb oaf who didn't have brain enough to appreciate her. Like hell you did! You're a rank hypocrite."

"Certainly I'm a hypocrite." Pop replaced the shining stone in its white-velvet bed. "Every worth-while man is a hypocrite, or he's no good to himself or anybody else." Pop sniffed. "Hypocrite yourself! I thought

you weren't going to fall in love with any woman for at least sixty years."

Derringer laughed. "I guess you got under my hide, telling me off for a conceited dub, assuring me that she wouldn't look at me. And you—" His face sobered and his eyes sparked. "I believe you deliberately said those things—lay awake nights thinking up everything you could say to jar me out of my preoccupation and—"

Pop chuckled. "Bruce, there is an alchemy of time and place and the forces of polarity. I haven't lived ninety-two years for nothing. I can recognize a psychological moment when I see one. And knowing you and guessing at her, I didn't see quite how it could fail. Have you never heard the expression 'on the *rebound*,' Bruce?"

"You," said Derringer, with a grin, "are a damned meddling old—saint."

Pop turned away in great dignity. "Bruce, I may be damned and I may meddle, but I'm no saint. Come, Helen." And as he passed out the door he whispered under his breath: "Oh, youth! Tragic youth! Silly youth. *Malleable* youth. Dear youth!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who invented the game of chess?

2—What was the original name of Rutgers College?

3—What is a Dorcas Society and how did it get its name?

4—Chalk is what?

5—Ag is the chemical symbol for what?

6—Napoleon Bonaparte had how many brothers and sisters?

7—What is phonetics?

8—Ad valorem duties are what?

9—Are all bacteria harmful to human beings, and how are they classified?

10—Who was the first Prime Minister of England?

11—Who said "My public and private sentiments are at all times alike"?

12—Pro and con means what?

13—A gilt is what?

14—When is Hallowe'en?

15—From what is linseed oil produced?

16—How far can a rattlesnake strike?

17—Picayune means what?

18—Where was Columbus buried?

19—When and by whom was the International Postal Union organized?

20—Who wrote "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones"?

(Answers will be found on page 19)

Smoking overtime? Who cares!

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FOOTBALL is Sissy Stuff

Have a Look at an All-American Game that *Was* a Game—Gentlemen, We Give You Pok-ta-Pok!

by MEIGS O. FROST

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THEY'RE at it again all over the United States of America. The sheepskin that held the spotlight last commencement is forgotten. Universities, colleges, prep schools, high schools parade behind the pigskin now to some such dear old battle song as:

"We are going to win tomorrow,
We are going to win tomorrow,
We are going to win tomorrow,
As we go marching on!"

The rangy linesmen are lunging. The triple-threat boys are doing their stuff, whether it's punt, pass and run, or fumble, stumble, and trip. Squads are sweating. Coaches are losing sleep. Alumni are huddling. Cheer leaders are practicing handsprings. Varsity bands are rehearsing the Alma Mater song.

Old letter men are coming back to help. Pep meetings loom. Freshmen memorize complicated cheers.

Student intelligentsia and some faculty members gravely discuss brutality and overemphasis. Football is back.

Brutality? Overemphasis? Football is sissy stuff!

Ever hear of pok-ta-pok?

Now, that was a game! When the Spaniards landed in what is now Mexico and Central America, back in the 1500s, they thought they were tough guys. Then they discovered pok-ta-pok. They were good enough sports to admit it had them licked. It turned out fighting men who licked the Spaniards in battle after battle, though the Spanish had steel armor, steel weapons, gunpowder, and the native warriors wore quilted-cotton armor and fought with weapons of wood and stone.

Overemphasis! Maya and Aztec races had built great stone stadiums where pok-ta-pok teams did their stuff before kings, princes, priests, and warriors. Kings, princes, priests, and warriors themselves went down into the stadiums to play. Popular frenzy grew so hot men bet themselves into bankruptcy on the game; bet themselves into slavery and death as human sacrifices on the altars of their gods. Honors were showered on those first All-America players. Varsity insignia were awarded. There were Simon-pure amateurs and paid professionals. And when a pok-ta-pok player made the team, he had proved he could go through a rock crusher naked and come out with a grin. They played pok-ta-pok in great open-air courts, walled with stone, paved with stone. The goals were huge stone rings set vertically, jutting out of stone walls. The ball was solid rubber, about one foot in diameter—the first rubber ball Europeans ever saw. The name of the game came from the sound it made hitting stone pavement and walls.

Players, barefooted, wore breechclouts, and leather guards on hands and knees; nothing else. They blocked, tackled, and tripped. When they landed, they crashed into the same surface as a modern concrete floor. They had "time out" to carry out the dead and injured—and they had plenty of both. They had substitutes, and they needed them.

Great purple bruises were routine. Their treatment of them made a sissy out of a Spartan. They slashed open the bruised flesh from end to end of the purple patch "to let out the blood." They used an obsidian-bladed knife keen as a razor. Obsidian is black volcanic glass.

They had a complicated scoring system of fouls, goals, and touchdowns. The highest score was when the ball was driven through the two-foot hole in the great stone ring set vertically in the stone wall some fifteen feet above the pavement. That ended the game. But the way they did it! Their technique makes football's greatest drop-kicker, most accurate long-distance passer look like a kid hitting the side of a barn with a rock at ten feet.

Back in their history's dim dawn, they had simply kicked the ball with their feet. But when the Spaniards arrived in 1517 their rules committee had grown fussy about opening up the game.

It sounds incredible, but it is attested by Spanish observers that the only way pok-ta-pok players could advance the ball or shoot it at the goal for the winning score was by kicking it with the fronts of their thighs, from hip to knee, or by turning their backs on the ball as it flew at them through the air and bunting it with their buttocks!

If they touched the ball with any other part of their bodies, if it touched them anywhere else, it was a foul and counted against their team.

Take your toughest, fastest, skillfulest football player. Ask him to try that on a gym floor, with his target a basketball ring twisted vertically; with a maniac mob trying to trip, block, tackle, and butt him. He'll tell you how cuckoo you are. Then you judge whether those old boys were good!

Spanish soldiers and priests saw Maya Indians do it in Yucatan; Aztecs in Mexico. It left them so stunned with surprise they wrote pages back home about it.

Pok-ta-pok took everything. Football's courage, handball's speed, basketball's skill, the stamina of all three, and then some.

They went for it in a big way. Yucatan's jungles are dotted with their stadiums. Their Big Ten were Chichen Itza, Uxmal, Sayil, Coba, Kashuinik, Lobaantun, Tonika,

© M. R. Tew

The pok-ta-pok court at Chichen Itza, home grounds of one of the Mayan Big Ten. King and court did their rooting from the tower at the left. The other is a temple to the god of pok-ta-pok.

Yaxchilan, Chapuyil, and Kalapite. Their Big Three were Saculeo, Utatlan, and Chacula. They had plenty more.

Pok-ta-pok changed the history of the world. The trail is clear. The Mayas of Yucatan, with a flock of wars on their hands, hired Toltec mercenaries from the north. The Toltecs saw pok-ta-pok played between battles; went crazy about it; took the game home. The Aztecs conquered the Toltecs, but pok-ta-pok conquered the Aztecs, who called it " tlachtli " in their tongue. Moctezuma, emperor of the Aztecs —Montezuma to you, or at any rate to the old historian Prescott—was a great player. Couriers from the coast, where Vera Cruz now stands, brought him word that a band of white-faced men had landed from white-winged canoes of unbelievable size on the beach. Did His Majesty wish them destroyed or permitted to come inland?

Moctezuma, remembering the legend of a white-faced golden-bearded god, consulted his priests. They staked the decision on a game of tlachtli, a Destroy Them team playing against a Let Them Come team. Moctezuma prayed to the gods of tlachtli; played on the Destroy Them team himself. He was defeated. Cortes, opposed only in a few skirmishes by rebellious vassals of Moctezuma, was permitted to come inland. Moctezuma lost his life and empire, Spain gained a New World and an income of millions in gold for generations, because of pok-ta-pok.

When the Spaniards first landed, pok-ta-pok was interwoven with Maya and Aztec religion. Ancient Maya picture manuscripts survive showing the gods of the day playing pok-ta-pok against the gods of the night. It takes a thousand years or more for a game to get embedded in a religion.

Pok-ta-pok courts still stand in the plazas of the abandoned Maya cities, squarely in front of their most sacred temples. The courts are built of great blocks of limestone, cut with stone tools, thick with elaborate sculptures, and painted in brilliant colors that still survive.

Frans Blom, explorer, archæologist, director of the Department of Middle American Research at Tulane University, New Orleans, has photographed, measured, and mapped the most complete collection of pok-ta-pok courts in the world. From Maya and Spanish manuscripts he has reconstructed the game.

The pok-ta-pok court was like the capital letter **I**, formed of three football fields—two end fields joined by a central corridor. The middle field ranged from 100 to 200 feet long. The great **I** was walled with stone from ten to twenty feet high. Square-topped towers jutted above the walls. Spectators clustered on wall, tower, and the steps and portals of the temples overlooking the court.

Halfway down the central corridor the great stone-ring goals were set in the walls. Each team had a ring to defend and attack. Wide lines, black or green, painted with juices of a sacred herb, split the central court lengthwise and crosswise on America's first gridiron.

FROM two men to 200 could play the game, in teams equally divided. Before each game the high priest and attendant priests blessed the court and the ball; then the high priest blew on a clay whistle shaped like a bird, and from the top of the middle tower dropped the ball to hit the cross lines of the central court and bounce high.

The forwards of both teams dashed at the ball; other players stayed behind to guard the rear courts. What followed combined assault and battery, mayhem, war, and plain murder.

Players kicked the ball high, fast, and far with driving thrusts of thighs and knees. They shot it straight as a bullet, hard as a pitched baseball, with backward thrusts of buttocks.

They blocked, tripped, tackled, butted. They swirled up and down a stone playing field that became a slaughterhouse.

From time to time a clay-bird whistle would shrill. Play stopped for " Time out! " Some player had dropped dead from the impact of the heavy ball knocking him against stone wall or stone floor, or from the same impact as he was tackled,

Courtesy Tulane University

Left: A Mayan pok-ta-pok star bunting the ball—as he looked to one of Yucatan's ancient artists. Right: An Aztec All-America luminary—from a statuette in the Museo Nacionale, Mexico City.

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NRA CODE

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tripped, blocked, or butted. Some player lay with broken bones, or else unconscious, knocked out cold.

They dragged out the casualty. A substitute dashed in. The game went on.

The team that let the ball touch the ground on their side of the line lost a point. The team that let the enemy drive the ball into the open court at their rear lost a point. The team on which a player was hit by the ball anywhere except on thigh-front or buttocks lost a point. The team through whose stone goal the ball was driven lost the game.

Do you think American football crowds go crazy, with snake dance and battle for uprooted goal posts, after a game is won? Listen to Padre Duran, Spanish priest, America's first sports writer, who covered a pok-ta-pok game in Yucatan for the folks back home:

"He who hit the ball through the hole in the stone was surrounded by all, and they honored him and sang songs in his praise and danced a while with him and then gave him a special prize of gay feathers or embroidered cotton loinclouts, a thing the Maya valued highly, though the honor was what he appreciated most and most highly esteemed, because they practically honored him as a man who in special battle of even sides had conquered and ended the dispute."

Padre Duran filed some grand sports copy:

"Many times did I see this game played. They played with such dexterity and skill that they, during one hour, succeeded in not stopping the flight of the ball from one end of the court to the other, without missing a single hit with their buttocks [*nalgas* to you, in Spanish!], not being allowed to reach it with hands or feet, nor with the calves of their legs nor their arms.

"THEY were so clever on both sides in not allowing the ball to stop that it was marvelous to see those who with such skill and dexterity and elegance drive the ball only with their buttocks and knees, counting it a foul to touch the ball with their hands or any other part of the body except the two said parts, the buttocks and the knees. And with practice there were such skillful and excellent players that they were not only held in high esteem, but the rulers of the nation made them gifts and lodged them in their palaces and courts, and they were honored with special insignia."

The varsity letter, the gold football, the All-America wrist watch back in the 1500s!

Padre Duran kept his eyes open:

"A great multitude of nobles and gentlemen took part, and they played with such content and joy, changing now some and later others from time to time, in order all to enjoy the pleasure, and so content were they that the sun would go down before they knew it.

"Some of them were carried dead from the field, and the reason was that as they ran, tired and out of breath, after the ball from one end of the field to the other, they would see the ball coming in air and strive to reach it first, and it would rebound on the pit of the stomach or in the groin, so that they fell to the ground out of breath and some of them died instantly, and others there were whose bones were broken.

MEIGS O. FROST
has been a reporter, chiefly on New Orleans papers, since 1908, and so good a one that Loyola University has conferred a Litt. D. on him and a Pulitzer Prize jury has given him honorable mention. He also writes fiction with success.

"Some were outstanding in playing the game. They used a forward thrust of their knees and a curious backward thrust of their buttocks, with which alone they might hit the ball. They were so quick in that movement that with their knees or seats they returned the ball with extraordinary velocity.

"WITH these thrusts at the ball they suffered great damage on knee or thigh or seat, with the result that they got their haunches so mangled and bruised that they had these places cut open with small sharp knives of obsidian and thus extracted the blood which the blows of the heavy ball had gathered."

Tough babies!

But one Oviedo, a Spanish soldier, was tough himself, and watching pok-ta-pok, that mysterious rubber ball interested him most. Europe didn't know rubber then. He wrote home:

"The ball with which they play is made of the milk or blood of a strange tree. This they boil and make a paste, adding the juices of strange roots and herbs. The mixture has a black shining surface and does not stick to the hand. . . . These balls jump much more than our leather and bladder balls of Spain, filled with air, because by simply dropping this ball from your hands on the ground, it jumps much higher in the air, and gives a jump and another, one more and another, and as many more, the jumps becoming smaller each time."

That's the first description of rubber ever written by a European.

A pok-ta-pok pep meeting, the night before the game, was watched by Padre Duran:

"They place the ball and their leather armor on a clean plate. Hanging it with cords upon a pole, they crouch before these instruments of the game. They worship them and speak to them with certain words of superstition and incantations with much devotion, praying to the ball that it be favorable that day. They invoke the aid of water and springs, of ravines, trees, wild animals, and serpents, of sun, moon, and stars, of clouds and rains, and at last of all created things and the gods they have invented for each thing.

"Having prayed, they take incense

and burn it before the ball. They gather food and wine and lay it as an offering before the ball. Then they are so confident they will win that they would lay down seven lives to defend their belief in victory, did any one dare dispute that belief."

Padre Duran watched them bet:

"They gambled on that game their jewelry, bright feathers, their embroidered garments, their weapons. Then if they lost they gambled their stores of corn, their crops, their houses, and their fields. They gambled their children into slavery.

"Lastly they gambled themselves away, and losing, became slaves or human sacrifices."

They played "whenever the occupation of waging war, because of truce or for other reason, had ceased and left them time to play."

And could they fight! Listen to Bernal Diaz del Castillo of Spain, a survivor of the Battle of Potonchan in Yucatan, Mexico, in 1517, who was sportsman enough to record the licking the Mayas handed him and his friends:

"As soon as daylight had fully broken forth, we perceived more troops of armed Maya moving toward the coast. They had on their feather knots, and were provided with drums, lances, bows, arrows, war clubs, shields.

"They divided themselves into different bodies, surrounded us, and commenced pouring forth such a shower of arrows, lances, and stones that more than eighty of our men were wounded at the first onset.

"They next rushed furiously forward and attacked us man to man, some with their lances, others with their war clubs and arrows, and all this with such terrible fury that we were compelled also to show them earnest. We dealt many a good thrust and blow among them, keeping up at the same time an incessant fire with our muskets and crossbows; for while some loaded others fired.

"At last by dint of heavy blows and thrusts we forced them to give way, but they did not retreat farther than was necessary, constantly crying out in their language: '*Al calachoni! Al calachoni!*' which signifies: 'Kill the chief!' And sure enough, our captain was wounded in no less than twelve different places by their arrows. I myself had three, one of which was in my left side and very dangerous. Others of our men were wounded by their lances, and two were carried off alive. . . . The whole of us now were wounded, many shot through the neck, and more than fifty killed.

"In this critical situation we determined to cut our way through the enemy's ranks and make for our boats. We therefore firmly closed our ranks and broke through the enemy.

"AT that moment you should have heard the whizzing of their arrows, the horrible yell they set up, and how the Maya provoked each other to the combat, at the same time making desperate thrusts with their lances.

"But a still more serious misfortune awaited us, for as we made a simultaneous rush for our boats, they sank or capsized, so that we were forced to cling to them as well as we could, and in this manner by swimming we strove to make the best of our way to our small sailing ship.

"Many were even wounded while climbing into our vessel, but more particularly those who clung to its side, for the Maya pursued us in their canoes and attacked us without intermission.

"With the greatest exertions and the help of God we thus got out of the hands of this people."

Well, how would you expect an army of pok-ta-pok players to fight?

They were trained in the roughest, toughest game in the world.

Modern American football is sissy stuff beside it!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 15

1—Its actual inventor is unknown, but *chaturanga*, a game essentially the same as modern chess, was played in Hindustan in very remote ages.

2—Queen's College, from 1766 to 1825.

3—A women's society, usually connected with a church; Acts 9:36-39.

4—A soft white, grayish-white, or yellowish compact limestone largely composed of the shells of rhizopods.

5—Silver; from the Latin word *argentum*.

6—Four brothers—Joseph, Jerome, Lucien, and Louis. Three sisters—Marianne (Elisa), Carlotta (Marie Pauline), and Annunciata (Caroline).

7—The science of articulate sound.

8—Duties requiring payment of a sum to be ascertained by a determinate percentage on the value of the goods imported or exported.

9—Only some are harmful. They are classified as plants.

10—During the time Sir Robert Walpole was in power, 1721-42, it became a custom to call the leader of the government Prime Minister. The title was legally established in 1905.

11—George Washington.

12—For and against.

13—A young female pig.

14—The evening of October 31.

15—Flaxseed.

16—Approximately two thirds of the length of its body.

17—Of small value; paltry.

18—On his death (May 20, 1506) he was buried in Seville, Spain. In 1542 his body was removed to Haiti, and in 1795 to Havana, Cuba. In 1898 his bones were returned to Seville.

19—In 1874 by Heinrich von Stephan, Director of Posts for the North German Confederation.

20—Shakespeare, in Julius Cæsar, Act 3, Scene 2.

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Dangerous

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THE beautiful " Baroness " Sophy Koloff is in New York, and broke. She could go to a banana republic and through her charms lure its president into swinging a rich oil concession to John Hawks, wealthy reformed crook with whom she formerly collaborated. Or she could accept Police Captain Felix Durgin's *sub rosa* offer to work on a big diamond-smuggling deal. But after years of living on the border line of the law Sophy wants to go straight.

In her apartment one night, Durgin attempts a shakedown on Hawks, and the latter suspects Sophy of framing it. Hawks's wife, Alison, who likes Sophy, intervenes, and takes the " baroness " to Washington to an elaborate party staged by Susan Budlong, a rich widow who prides herself on her Bohemianism, lavishing entertainment on both the high and the low in the social strata.

Charles " Chub " Hopping, Sophy's old admirer, is there; also Sir Arthur Runcival; and Arthur Merriman, United States Commissioner of Narcotics. Alison interests Merriman in Sophy and he intimates during the party that he will find work for the " baroness " to do.

PART TWO—THE ROSE NECKLACE

ON the third day following the Washington house party Hopping was back in New York. He had made a trip down to Richmond, only to have his cigarette-package idea turned down by one of the great companies. He was now determined to start from the New York banking end—with a lead from John Hawks, if possible. Also he would get in touch with Sophy Koloff, who had returned to town with Alison Hawks.

He went at once to Sophy's address and climbed the creaky stairs to her third floor back. The door stood open and a man in denim overalls and jumper was directing the activities of an aged charwoman. The semi-furnished rooms looked very bleak and bare.

" I'm looking for Miss Koloff," said Hopping.

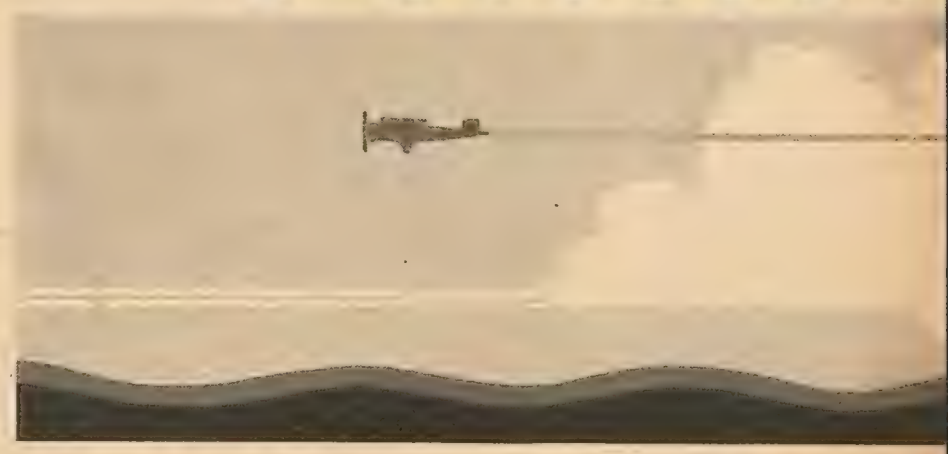
" She's went away." The man did not turn his head.

" Oh. And when do you expect her back? "

" Don't expect her back. She's took her stuff and paid her rent and went away. If they pays their rent I don't ask no questions."

" Very considerate of you, I'm sure," murmured

A MYSTERY



The Count Alexis Laszlo was vigorously engaged in making an impression.

Woman

Hopping. "Did she leave a forwarding address?"

"No," said the janitor. "You don't want a furnished apartment, do you?"

"No," said Hopping.

The man closed the door in his face. Hopping, too disconsolate for resentment, went wearily down the stairs. He walked a few blocks down the avenue and dropped into the Dunderhead Club. He would have luncheon. In the lobby he paused at the bulletin board and noted that his name was posted for house charges. Well, if something didn't happen soon he'd have to resign. He'd have lunch, pay his infernal bill, and send in his resignation with his check. Hopping was undeniably low. He was frequently low before food.

In the hall he ran into Pliny Salters. Pliny Salters had not an idea in his distinguished and patrician head; but he had a nice taste in spirits. They had two cocktails apiece before luncheon. After luncheon Hopping wrote a check with a lordly disregard of his meager balance.

He did not send in his resignation. He went downtown to see John Hawks.

Hawks was very cordial. Also he was inclined to be a bit big-bankerish.

"Chub—you've got a good idea. I brought your sales package back with me. I've shown it to Mr. Corning. He's not—er—uninterested. I'm getting in touch with some of the Winston-Salem people. Got to move slowly. This NRA stuff—code restrictions—you understand. I'll let you know. You'll hear something. Maybe three days—maybe three months."

"Three months!" murmured Chub weakly.

"Maybe sooner. Well, so long, Chub. Glad you came."

"Good-by, John. Thanks awfully. Oh—by the way. Do you happen to know how I can get in touch with Sophy Koloff? Alison said she talked to you about a job."

John's crooked smile came into play again, but with a shade of constraint.

"You might write her care of Morgan, Harjes, in Paris. She sailed Tuesday on the Ile de France. Some sort of commission work or buyer's job, I believe."

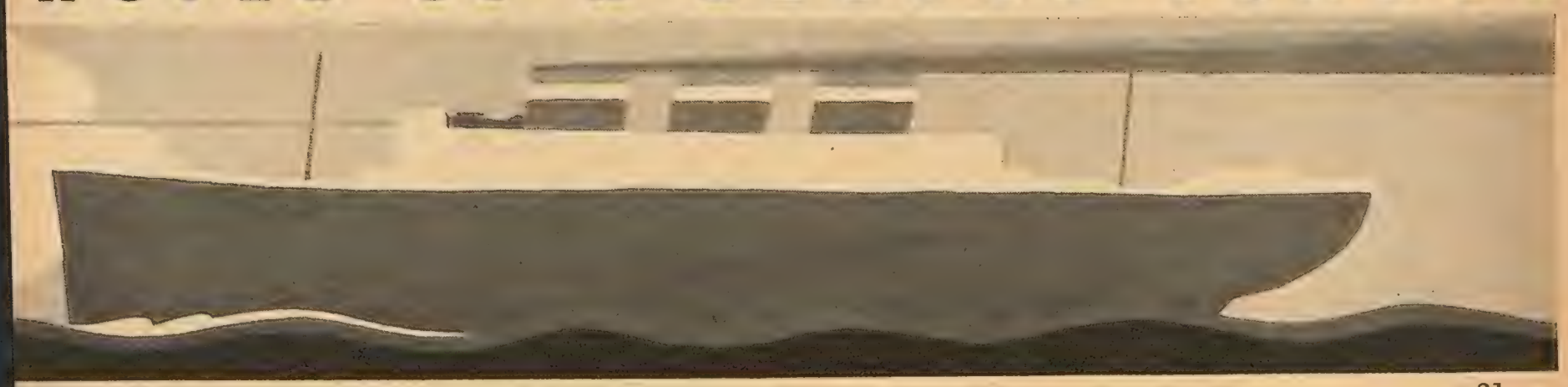
"Oh," said Hopping. "Well, good-by, John." . . .

It was some two months later.

The S. S. Sonomic, west-bound for New York, was clearing Cherbourg, her last port of call. The promenade decks were still littered with the hand luggage of passengers who had come aboard at Cherbourg. The passengers who had started with the ship from Southampton looked bored and superior—as if they had been at sea all their lives—and remained wrapped in their rugs in their chairs. The Cherbourg passengers clustered in groups at the rail and looked landward.

The ship swung into the western passage between the

NOVEL OF A BLONDE TERROR



"Oh, monsieur! You are meaning the famous rose diamont necklace, the gift of Napoleon?"

breakwater and the fortified island. On the bridge the captain glanced into the binnacle.

"West by north half-north," he intoned.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the helmsman.

The quartermaster swung his wheel to port, brought her gently back, and steadied her on the new course. Sir Charles turned away, lighted a cigar, and nodded to the third officer, who was entering the bridge.

"All right, Mr. Hendricks—you can take her."

Then he went to his stateroom to dress for dinner.

Meanwhile, in a pair of staterooms on B deck—staterooms with a connecting bath between them—two men of unprepossessing appearance were sitting at ease, drinking Scotch whisky and soda water. John Collins, known to his world as Lefty, was heavy and burly. Mr. Joseph Stevens was small and sallow and narrow-eyed, with the leathery impassivity of expression peculiar to his calling. He had a palely long neck which had earned him the sobriquet of Gooseneck.

Gooseneck took a long pull at his highball and nodded toward a steamer trunk under one of the beds.

"Well, Lefty, it's up to you. I got it aboard and you gotta get it ashore."

"Leave it to me, son. I got a dozen different ways, and a week to work on 'em. You done your Frog-talking end of it. And say—who was the little French moll you was buzzin' in the hall?"

"Maid for this here Baroness Koloff. I picks her up on the boat train."

The beefy man regarded him from deep-set porcine eyes.

"Lay offen that skirt stuff, Gooseneck. You know what Big John was telling you last time."

"Sure—I know. Say, Lefty, let's go up to the bar and see what they stock."

NOW during all this time the Baroness Koloff was seated in the lee of the deckhouse just outside her own suite on the boat deck. Being an experienced traveler, she had quickly intrenched herself in her sea routine. The major principle of this routine was to maintain a courteous reserve for the first few days out and thus to avoid the first rush of overready steamer acquaintances who might later have to be snubbed back into their customary shore-life positions.

One of these overready persons had already appeared. The Count Alexis Laszlo, being a Continental, and with all a Continental's protective, not to say acquisitive,

instinct toward lovely womanhood—especially womanhood alone and obviously wealthy—Count Laszlo had already spotted the name, title, and accommodations of the baroness. Wherefore he had ascended from A deck, on which his party was ensconced, and was vigorously engaged in making an impression. Now, the classic steamer method of scraping acquaintanceship is quite simple and barnyardish. It consists of displaying manly vigor by walking hard around the deck. Six trips around is considered a sufficient preliminary to direct accostation. By that time a woman has had a chance to appreciate the cut of your tweeds and the fine swing of your body.

The Hon. Alexis, scorning the last two laps demanded by the code, swung to a smart and hearty stop on his fourth turn and doffed his cap.

"Gorgeous weather, what?" he began easily and with a most convincing Oxford drawl. Like most foreigners who have been English-educated, he out-Englished the English. "If it keeps up like this we ought to have a splendid crossing. May I—"

He approached her chair, smiling easily against the expected invitation to draw up beside her.

The Baroness Koloff's fine gray eyes came slowly back from the far horizon. She looked at Count Laszlo, or rather she looked courteously and coolly through him.

"Pardon, monsieur? *Mais non*—I do not require anyzing. *Merci.*"

She smiled quite courteously and wholly uninvitingly—and opened the yellow-backed novel in her lap.

"Er—ah—I just thought it was bully weather," stammered Laszlo, and walked bravely away to breast the wind. Sophy watched his back as it disappeared down the companionway to the deck below.

THEN she found her place in the yellow-backed book and commenced to read. Presently she looked up, to find her French maid standing by her chair. Marie was not only an excellent maid: she was one of the cleverest operatives of the French secret service. And her services for this particular voyage were being paid for by the office of United States Commissioner of Narcotics Merriman.

"Good afternoon, madame," said the maid in accented but excellent English.

"Hello, Marie. Anything new?"

Only with the French did Koloff never speak French. In point of fact, and aside from her glib and comprehensive vocabulary of French phrases and expletives—together with a distinct talent for Latinizing the stresses and constructions of English—Sophy Koloff could not speak a sustained sentence in any language save her mother tongue, which was that of Oliver Street.

"Nothing that iss of moment, madame. The gentleman who was just now speaking to madame iss Count Laszlo, who travels with the party of zee Prince de Musat. They too were on the train with us from Paris. The Prince de Musat iss of our *ancien régime*—how do you call it?—of our old French noblesse. This Laszlo iss Pole or Belgique or somesing—it iss hard to say, because he lives much in England and speaks the English *comme les Anglais.*"

"Humph," said Sophy shortly. "I hope he doesn't try to break through my table-d'hôte French—or I'll have to swing over to Chinese or Choctaw. Well—keep after your other bird, Marie. Remember, it's narcotics we're after."

"Yes, madame. And do you require anything more?"

"Not now, thank you. I'll be down after a while to dress for dinner."

The Sonomic was three days out, and the first-class smokeroom had settled into its stride. The bar habitués had found their favorite corners and the card habitués their favorite tables. Count Alexis Laszlo, partnered with the Prince de Musat, was playing contract with two other passengers. In a near-by armchair, idly turning the pages of a magazine, and wearing large horn-rimmed glasses which set off her pale immobility with vividness, sat the Baroness Koloff.

Now, the baroness, although she had her back three quarters turned to the table and was apparently reading, could watch the play of the two men nearest her. But that was what the big horn spectacles were for. For

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The Baroness Koloff's fine gray eyes looked at Count Laszlo, or rather looked coolly through him.

under certain conditions of reflected light it is quite simple to use one's glasses as a mirror, by looking at instead of looking through the lenses. It was a device which had often stood her in good stead. At the moment she was employing it more or less out of idle curiosity—but enough to assure herself that Count Laszlo was resorting to rather clumsy manipulation when it came his turn to deal.

The hand came to an end, and with it the rubber.

"Little slam," announced the count cheerfully. "Bit of a snip for us, what?" He fell to reckoning the points. He and the prince had been winning, modestly but steadily, for the last two days. Laszlo was very cheerful and self-confident. And the lovely baroness was far less offish than at their first encounter.

The party broke up. Prince de Musat went out on deck, followed by the baroness and Count Laszlo. Laszlo squired her over the eight-inch saddle of the storm door with exaggerated solicitude. Outside the door of her suite on the boat deck he held her in small talk.

"But shan't I have a chance to see you when we get to town?"

"It is uncertain, monsieur. I shall be but the few days in New York. Then I depart for Washington, to pass some days with Madame Budlong."

"Susan Budlong? Oh, yes—I've met her. And I'm going to Washington with the prince myself. Happy coincidence, what?"

"Ah, yes," murmured Sophy. "And the prince? He will be long in the States?"

"A few months, I fancy." Laszlo's tone was ostentatiously offhand. He looked about to make certain that no one was within earshot—then leaned confidentially and needlessly nearer the girl.

"Matter of fact, baroness—no reason why I shouldn't tell you—the prince is bringing over his famous heirloom, the Jildac Rose necklace. Hard up. Got to sell it."

"Oh, monsieur! You are meaning the famous rose diamont necklace of his grandmother! The same that was the gift of Napoleon? But no!"

"But yes!" And then, in a burst of confidence: "Got to sell it—going to sell it. And I'm the honest broker! I don't mind saying I've Susan Budlong in mind as a purchaser."

"Ah, but how intairesting," murmured Sophy. "I wish you much success. Well—*bon soir*, monsieur."

COUNT ALEXIS, smirking jauntily, took himself off. Sophy entered her stateroom. Marie awaited her.

"This Stevens that pursues me, madame—he that iss called Gooseneck—I was in his cabin tonight when his big friend was out. He was intoxicated and told me much. Also he was amorous."

"Too bad, Marie. I hate to put you through the jumps this way."

"It is nothing, madame. In my career I am accustomed to all such things."

"What about the stuff?"

"The consignment is in a trunk in their room. It is very large in quantity."

"How do they figure to run it ashore?"

"That I do not know. My Gooseneck would not tell all. The price he asks for that information is more than I wish to pay," she finished with demure irony.

Sophy smiled sympathetically.

"Well—I've got to build up this Count Laszlo. I hate it, too."

"So? Madame has then a lover already?"

Sophy blushed—a rare thing with her.

"Certainly not."

Marie regarded her sympathetically but skeptically.

"But madame loves?"

"Not one least, tiniest bit," she said with decision.

Marie sighed in disappointment.

AFTER the girl had gone Sophy Koloff sat for a long time turning over in her mind the events of the last four days. Her immediate concern was the trunkful of heroin in the stateroom of Lefty Collins and Gooseneck Stevens. These men, runners for the celebrated Big John O'Toole, she knew to be among the boldest and craftiest operators on either side of the water. It was inconceivable to her that they would be risking a straight entry, whether or not protected by bribed customs examiners, of a shipment that should retail around half a million dollars. Some other way of getting it off the boat they must have in mind.

As to the Prince de Musat and his party, that situation seemed fairly simple. The prince was an indigent and honest aristocrat with something to sell, who was being exploited by a lesser and more indigent card-cheating aristocrat, Laszlo.

Sophy sighed and moved over to the chair before her dressing table. There was a gentle knock at the door. It was well after midnight. Sophy hoped it was not the unquenchable Laszlo again. She opened the door to a crack, and was relieved to see a boy in uniform.

"Wireless for Baroness Koloff. Thought you'd like it tonight, lady."

Sophy tipped the boy. Then she sat down at her dressing table and tore open the envelope.

MEETING YOU AT DOCK
LUV AND CUSSES CHUB

Sophy smiled and held the slip of paper in her hands for a long time. There was nothing hard about her smile. The thought of Marie's absurd conjectures flashed across her mind. She smiled again, and colored a little. Then she threw off her clothes, drew a hot bath, and proceeded to scrub herself with much preoccupation. Then she went to bed.

Two days later the weather came bright and clear. Tomorrow the ship would be off the Grand Banks. The smokeroom habitués began to speculate on when the two mail planes would be catapulted off the forward deck, and the passengers spoke glibly and knowingly of Fire Island and the Sandy Hook lightship.

The Baroness Koloff sat in her deck chair, one of her interminable yellow-backed French novels lying in her lap. That she could read scarcely a line of them was known only to herself and to Marie. Marie had bought them, had cut the pages and read them.

Marie was tucking up her mistress in her steamer rug and carrying on a low conversation at the same time.

"The trunk is in the cabin of my Gooseneck, madame," she whispered.

"Yes, Marie?"

"It iss empty."

"Empty!"

"Yes, madame. Last night I have seen it empty. And but two nights ago I have seen it full with the heroin. My Gooseneck, who had again much drink taken, showed it to me with boasting and laughing."

"It must be on the ship somewhere, Marie. That means they've managed to contact some of the officers."

"Perhaps not the officairs, madame. I have seen the big man Collins in conversation with one of the mail-plane pilots."

"Hum. You may have a real hunch, Marie. When do they send off the mails?"

"That cannot be ascertained with sureness, madame. It rests with the wind and the fog. But probably tomorrow in the afternoon."

"All right, Marie. Lay off. Here comes my bird!"

Marie drifted away as Alexis Laszlo approached.

"Ah, baroness—gorgeous weather, what?"

"Yes, monsieur. But three days more and we shall be in America. And then you will be going to Washington, *n'est ce pas?*"

"Where thou goest I go, and thy people—" began Laszlo without much originality.

KOLOFF headed him back into the straight and narrow of her own business.

"*Mais non, monsieur.* Where the prince goeth, thou goest; and his necklace shall be thy necklace—is it not?"

Laszlo turned a slightly suspicious eye on the baroness. Sophy's expression was as innocent of guile as that of a child.

"I'll turn a few quid in commissions if I can make a sale," he conceded easily. "I dare say you'll think it a bit grim of me to approach the widow Budlong."

"But no! Beesness ees beesness, as they say in the States. The Rose necklace—it ees very beautiful?"

"I suppose so. But it's very valuable, which is more to the point."

"You have it with you on the steamer?"

"Er—yes. In the ship's strongroom, of course."

"I had so weeshed to see the necklace. So great and famous a piece!"

Laszlo looked uncomfortable.

"Why—er—I suppose I might get it out for you. But it would be devilish awkward if the prince heard about it. You understand? Not that

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PLASTIC WOOD

he'd mind, probably, if he knew you—ah—as well as I know you."

Sophy's lovely lashes drooped to hide her still lovelier eyes.

"As well as you know me, my friend?" There was a husky softness that inflamed the man.

"I'll show it to you this afternoon," he rushed in hotly.

"Wondairful! And we shall have tea in my boudoir. In the lounge it ees so public."

That finished him.

At five o'clock that afternoon Laszlo came to Koloff's sitting room. He handed her a large russet-leather case. Now, Sophy had no particular interest in de Musat and his heirlooms; but she had a hunch. She opened the box. The setting was modern and the color of the central pendant—the famous Jildac Rose—was a distinct disappointment. A pale pinkish amethyst.

Sophy sighed and restored the lovely thing to its case. To her casual examination there was no evidence to support her queer hunch. Still she nursed the hunch.

She gave Laszlo his tea, and then, having learned that she could learn nothing more, she got rid of him rather casually and abruptly. Then she betook herself to the purser's office. She found the assistant purser on duty.

"I haf been a leetle nairvous about my jewel case," she opened. "Is it that I could put eet in your safe tonight yet?"

Sophy was only on a fishing expedition. The assistant purser looked sulky.

"The strongroom, you mean, madame? We don't like to open that except in emergency."

"Zo? But a friend of mine haf told me she took somezing out today, monsieur."

"I think not. Some mistake, madame. The strongroom hasn't been opened in the last three days."

Sophy departed, pleasantly satisfied, her hunch coming to life again. There was a necklace in the strongroom. The strongroom had not been opened for several days. And she had seen the Jildac necklace an hour ago.

COUNT LASZLO was wrong somehow. And she wanted to find out where and why. The next day things began to break.

When Sophy awoke in the morning it was to find Marie at her elbow with her tea and her peeled orange on a fork.

"The mail planes, madame—they depart at eleven o'clock this morning."

At eleven o'clock the passengers were crowded against the ropes that stretched across the boat deck to keep clear the catapulting space.

Sophy paid scant attention to the first plane. She was watching the pilot of the second. She had watched the loading of this plane. It took the same number of United States mail sacks as its sister ship. Sophy was irritated with herself. She should have used Marie to get an in with some of the mail clerks, or with the pilot himself.

The second plane was hurtled into the air. Sophy returned to her deck chair, took a pair of field glasses from their case, and settled herself to observe the flight of the number two plane.

The fast disappearing plane crossed a dark cloud bank. For a few seconds it was sharply silhouetted. But in those few seconds she thought she saw—no, she could not be certain—yes, she was almost positive she saw two objects fall from the plane in quick succession.

KOLOFF'S heart gave a quick flop of satisfaction. She lowered her glasses. Finally she picked up the almost hull-down outline of a two-master Gloucester-bowed fishing schooner sailing on a course that was obviously cutting behind and across the course of the mail plane.

Presently the schooner came up into the wind. And a few minutes later she could see a work boat being dropped off from the stern davits.

Sophy rose from her deck chair and went forward to the radio office. There she wrote and filed a message. The message read like a Sino-Japanese truce parley; but it was addressed to the Bureau of Narcotics in Washington and it was quite sufficient to its purpose. . . .

At about the same hour Alison Hawks and Mr. Charles Hopping, Jr., were seated on the upper terrace of Sandy Head, which is the Corning place at Scallop Cove on Long Island.

"The trouble with you, Chub," Alison Hawks was saying, "is that you think John has changed. But John hasn't changed; he has only developed. He's the same Johnny Hawks that he was the day he left college."

"Very well. But I fail to see what all this has to do with the price of eggs."

Alison Hawks took a cigarette from her case and snapped the lid shut. She spoke slowly:

"I just didn't want you to build too much on his help in your cigarette-package idea, that's all."

"But John has paved the way for me with the president of Amalgamated Tobacco. I'm going down to Winston-Salem next week."

"Why do you wait until next week?"

"Sophy Koloff's coming in on the Sonomic today. Thought I might run in town and meet her."

"Yes, I know," said Alison. "I had a letter from her in Paris. Are you in love with that girl, Chub?"

"Certainly not. I admire her like hell and I'm very fond of her. We went through a lot together."

"Of course it's none of my business—" Alison began.

"None at all," agreed Hopping amiably.

"—but it seems to me you ought to fish, cut bait, or go ashore, as they say down East. What are you afraid of? Her past? She's a damn' sight de-

center than most of the women in our crowd."

"And then some!" agreed Hopping.

"Well, what are you afraid of with Koloff? The fact that she's lived with a man?"

Hopping flushed.

"And as good as married—and you know it, Alison."

"Better than married, Chub, and I know that too. I didn't mean it disparagingly, because I like and admire her tremendously. She's horribly high-grade and fastidious. All I meant was that a woman who has loved a man and lived with him has gone through an absolutely fundamental change of being—and of attitude toward all other men and women. It's a kind of change that a man never experiences and hasn't the slightest conception of. It may make a woman better or worse, happier or unhappier, wiser or more foolish.

"BUT it never leaves her the same. Marriage has nothing to do with it. It's love—plus living with the mate. What I meant about Sophy was that she wasn't an unsophisticated schoolgirl. Do you see?"

"You don't need to defend Sophy Koloff to me."

"No. Well, what's holding you back? Because she's been a thief?"

"Isn't she still one?"

Alison hesitated. She had promised Merriman absolute secrecy.

"How do I know? And if she is, is she spiritually one tenth as bad as the law-protected big thieves and gamblers that we holier-than-thou female parasites of the top social crust hide behind and batten on? Why don't you marry her, Chub?"

Hopping looked annoyed. "Well—for one thing, she's too darned chesty and sure of herself. Reads a lot of highfaluting philosophy and stuff that I don't even know what it's all about. And besides, I couldn't support her. And besides, I don't think she'd take me."

"Hum," reflected Alison with an inscrutable expression. "Perhaps that last is nearer the truth than anything you've said yet.

"But there's one darn' fine wife going to waste. And you're not so bad yourself, old dear."

"Thanks," said Hopping stiffly. "May I have one of your cigarettes?"

Alison passed her case absently and got to her feet.

"I think I'll drive you up to town and we'll meet the Sonomic together."

"Oh," said Hopping.

Has Sophy Koloff beaten the dope smugglers? And what lies behind the famous Jildac Rose necklace deal? Watch for a sensational turn in next week's installment, with the beautiful woman ex-thief and adventuress staking her life in a battle of wits with a sinister combine of underworld big shots who once were her pals.

PERK-UPS

By JACQUELINE LARK

1. This game is based on HOMONYMS, which are words having the same sound but different in spelling and meaning.

2. 1A and 1B are a set of HOMONYMS. 2A and 2B are another, etc.

3. To score yourself, check a PERK-UP each time you get a HOMONYM and a CAST-DOWN each time you are stumped.

After being laid up with the 1A . . . . . almost the 2A . . . . . winter in New York, 3A . . . . . decided to take a 4A . . . . . now that the weather was getting 5A . . . . . I 6A . . . . . that the 5B . . . . . on the Southern boats would be reduced, so I thought I might as well 7A . . . . . this opportunity to visit the 8A . . . . . of my 9A . . . . . , Bermuda.

It was a grand trip with only one day of rough 7B . . . . . But it was fun then to stand in the 10A . . . . . of the boat and 11A . . . . . the waves 12A . . . . . up trying to sway the determined ship from its 13A . . . . . 14A . . . . . I was one of many who couldn't go down to dinner that night, but I managed to take a little soup and some shad 15A . . . . . in my cabin. I had to keep my port- 2B . . . . . closed, and the boat rolled so that my large 1B . . . . . fell from the upper 9B . . . . . , landing on my big 16A . . . . .

Otherwise I sat at the captain's table, and he taught me many nautical terms that were 6B . . . . . to me. He took a personal interest in his men and boasted one of the finest 4B . . . . . sailing the sea. The captain was quite a character, and though he had a 14B . . . . . way of talking and a brutal scar over one 3B . . . . . , he always looked immaculate in his blue 12B . . . . . uniform. He kidded and 17A . . . . . every one and wouldn't pass the bread 21B . . . . . butter till you'd say "3C . . . . . , 3C . . . . . , sir." With all this he had a strange sad look at times.

We had 22C . . . . . days and a night in Bermuda. I didn't need a 17B . . . . . to show me the 18A . . . . . , as I remembered my 9A . . . . . - place quite well.

I couldn't resist going immediately for a 15B . . . . . in a little glass-bottomed boat all by myself. I was taking it easy when I turned and saw a 19A . . . . . -boat with one 20A . . . . . nearly on top of me. In trying to swerve quickly I lost an 21A . . . . . and the 19A . . . . . -boat had to 16B . . . . . me in to shore.

After lunch I decided to surprise my cousin, my only relative in the world. He had a home on one of the loveliest 18B . . . . . in Bermuda. The house was small but there was such an abundance of shrubs and flowers 20B . . . . . against it that it was 22B . . . . . adorable. I always said, "8B . . . . . never be happy till I have a home like this." As I arrived there I noticed a placard of 23B . . . . . painted with the words "Not For 19B . . . . . " I rang the bell and 22A . . . . . my amazement the captain of my ship opened the door.

"What are you doing 11B . . . . . ?" he asked.

I said, "This is my cousin's home."

"Then you are the rightful owner of the house. Welcome," he replied.

I entered bewildered.

"Maybe you would like to 24A . . . . . how I got my scar. Your cousin and I were closest friends. One day he gave a lawn 25B . . . . . here. Suddenly he lashed me across the face with the 10B . . . . . of a tree till I couldn't see. He then laughed and cried, yelling, "Forgive me!" He is now in a 13B . . . . . -jacket in an asylum. He often spoke of you and there's 24B . . . . . doubt that he 23A . . . . . want you here." The captain put his hand on my shoulder. "There, now, don't cry. 25A . . . . . works in queer ways. Your cousin is happier than most of us."

THE ANSWER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 37

● "Baby Cory coughed night after night," writes Mrs. F. H. Cook, Verona, N. J. "Doctor said, '*Pertussin.*' Two days later her cough was gone!"

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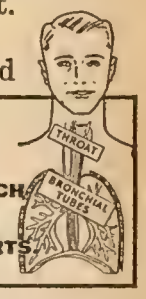

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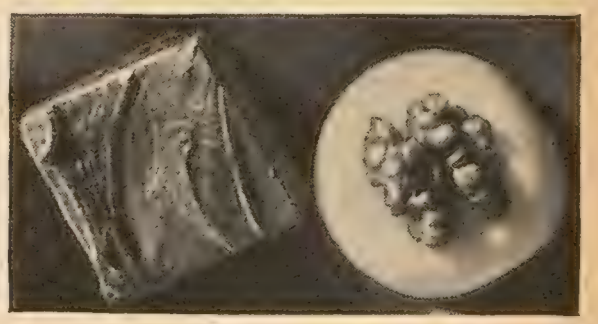

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GOSSIPY, GARBLED,

Praise for Miss Parsons's Screen Snapshots, Doubt for Mr. Durante's Latest, and a Word or Two, More in Sorrow than Anger, for a New Film by Mr. Runyon

4 stars—Extraordinary.
3 stars—Excellent.
2 stars—Good.
1 star—Poor.
0 star—Very Poor.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★★★ SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

THE PLAYERS: Picture stars at home and at playgrounds. Written and directed by Harriet Parsons.

HARRIET PARSONS'S Screen Snapshots offers a new and fresh treatment of an old cinema subject—a subject which has been kicked around so flagrantly that we had just about come to the conclusion it couldn't be mastered. Hollywood, which has given us a plenitude of camera records of everything in life, goes deaf, dumb, and blind when treating itself.

But these Screen Snapshots catch the spirit of the town. And if you can't afford a ticket to America's carnival, they supply a delightful substitute. They are, in fact, better than a trip to Movieland; for they take you to almost everything you'd care to see in the land you've read so much about, and show even more places and stars than the uninitiated tourist would be likely to catch.

There are shots of Palm Springs, with Ruby Keeler, Al Jolson, Connie Bennett, and Gilbert Roland, among others, behaving as silly as if they'd never seen a camera before; a yachting trip with Warren William, Lew Stone, and Regis Toomey; Will Rogers, Leslie Howard, Spencer Tracy, and Walt Disney banging each other at polo; an inside peek at the Mayfair dance, the cinema stars' closed seasonal affair; and some very illuminating trips through the famous picture homes.

Gene Raymond and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable in a scene from the interesting film Screen Snapshots.

Splendidly photographed, these shots are done in a breezy intimate fashion that should highly interest any movie fan. They have a gossipy inside quality about them; and it is quite surprising, and often charming, to watch your suave heroes, without the guidance of script or director, become as fussed as any Movietoned Senator.

For those of you who have any interest at all in Hollywood, Screen Snapshots is the most honest and certainly the most entertaining guide to be found.

★★ STUDENT TOUR

THE PLAYERS: Jimmy Durante, Charles Butterworth, Maxine Doyle, Phil Regan, Douglas Fowley, Nelson Eddy, Florine McKinney, Monte Blue. Directed by Charles Reisner.

M.G.M. goes collegiate and haywire in Student Tour, which tells in a garbled fashion all about the doings of a boatload of world-touring students who do and die on the vine for dear old Bartlett. Evidently patterned after College Humor, it has little of the rhythmic appeal of that film, and offers Phil Regan, the ex-Brooklyn cop, as a pale Crosby substitute.

Charles Butterworth, that master of understatement, stands out as the professor of philosophy who coaches the boys so that they will be eligible for the big race. Incidentally, this is a crew picture released in football season—which will give a faint idea of how the whole thing is handled. Jimmy Durante goes through his verbal contortions as the crew's trainer, but he has lost much of the old exuberance and novelty.

Three or four plots wend aimlessly through the footage, but the main thread seems to concern Phil Regan's attempts to find the girl with whom he fell in love at a masquerade. The girl, it turns out, is the spectacled niece of the professor. Finding her at last, all ends with a flourish when she not only returns his unstable affection but substitutes for an incapacitated cox'n in the big race.

Bartlett is another of those movie colleges where every man's a letter man and every gal's a honey. The scholastic activities are in the unimaginative movie tradition, with all the rubber-stamp characters.

Student Tour, barring some brief good moments concocted by Messrs. Butterworth and Durante and one stirring song by Nelson Eddy, affords but little.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jimmy Durante and his beezer came into this world on February 18, 1893, at 90 Catherine Street, lower East Side, New York. Got hard-knocks education from pool rooms, corner cigar stands, and back alleys after sticking school till seventh grade. Got the stage idea harmonizing with amateur quartets in Bowery saloons. Had idea of becoming a prize fighter until first engagement, when he led with his nose and quit for good. Left a job as a photo-engraver to play piano in a Coney Island honky-tonk. By 1911 Durante had his own band, and when jazz came he reorganized his brasses, injected squeaks, and became a mild sensation in a Harlem night club. He skipped from $125 a week to $3,100 by 1925—a vodvil and night-club sensation, thanks to his Bowery jargon and weird ability for insane improvisation. Hopes some day to retire to an apartment overhanging the Bowery, which he still loves. Earns $3,000 every Sunday night on the radio and $2,500 a week from M.G.M. Has a heart as big as a barrel and is a sucker for panhandlers. Rumor claims he earned $5,500 a week for two personal-appearance weeks at the Capitol, New York, and wound up owing money. He had been touched by friends who hadn't seen him for two years for the entire amount and more. His nose is 5.7 inches long—almost as big as his heart in area. . . . South Bend, Indiana, is responsible for Charles Butterworth. His father, though a doctor, could do nothing about Charles's peculiarities. Charles almost became a lawyer after graduation from Notre Dame. Became a journalist and failed. Became an actor and claims he failed on more stages in America than any other actor before. Finally became secretary to J. P. McEvoy, the scrivener, and succeeded when McEvoy liked a monologue Charles recited and stuck him into Americana, where he became a wow. Is married to Ethel Sunderland. Observed a birthday during filming of Student Tour. His birthday-party room was decorated with flag-draped pictures of himself bearing the inscription: "Congratulations to my wife. Charles." . . . Ex-patrolman Phil Regan was once turned down for contract by M.G.M., who borrow him now from Warner Brothers at many times his original salary demands. . . . Maxine Doyle was discovered by Joe E. Brown in a Washington movie house while Joe was doing a p. a. She was a mistress of ceremonies. . . . Douglas Fowley hitch-hiked to Hollywood from New York on $4.40, leaving his b. r. of $15 in the East with a friend to be forwarded when asked for. He wore out only one thumb, too.

★ THE LEMON DROP KID

THE PLAYERS: Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy, William Frawley, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall, Robert McWade, Kitty Kelly. Directed by Marshall Nielan. Story by Damon Runyon.

PROBABLY you won't believe that a picture written by Damon Runyon and starring Helen Mack and Lee Tracy is no good. But don't say we didn't warn you.

This one, The Lemon Drop Kid, is told in Runyon's unique Louisa M. Alcott out-of-the-side-of-the-mouth formula, but given a stodgy plot and unbelievable characters, it has neither the sentimental charm nor the trickiness of his more successful fables.

Lee Tracy is seen as a race-track tout who gets himself kicked out of the paddocks, then runs away to a village, where he promptly falls for Miss Mack. Suppressing all desire for a return to more glamorous fields, he marries

GAUCHE by BEVERLY HILLS

and settles down. His wife dies in childbirth, and Tracy, having robbed a safe for the doctor bills, does a stretch in Sing Sing. Paroled after two years, he becomes blissfully happy when he discovers his son, Baby LeRoy, and is rewarded for effecting the cure of an ailing millionaire by lemon drops.

The Lemon Drop Kid is overlong, ineptly written, and suffers from unknowing direction. Helen Mack and Lee Tracy are mired in crudely drawn characterizations; and but one player, William Frawley as the professor, attains a semblance of life.

Charles Butterworth and the irrepressible Jimmy Durante in the collegiate comedy Student Tour

For those who are so movie-struck that they'll sit through any picture for one competently played bit, The Lemon Drop Kid will suffice. Others, beware!

VITAL STATISTICS: Author Damon Runyon is enjoying a bull market on his stories. Six I know of have been actually filmed in the past year and more have been bought by Hollywood to be screened. Is married; a slick sports writer for Hearst; quite a poet; makes more than $100,000 a year by repute from his syndicate work alone; started writing short stories years ago, to have them click years and years later (which is recently). Is very shy; refuses to have his picture taken for publicity purposes. Is quite a Broadway nighthawk, a charter member of the Dawn Patrol. . . . The Jewell-Tracy romance is still one of Hollywood's perennials. By repute fast-talking Baby Lee Tracy got more da-da-da-das to the minute than any other child born alive. For the year of the run of one of his plays, Tracy is supposed never to have been off Forty-sixth Street, on which the theater in which he was appearing stood. . . . Like Woodrow Wilson, the figure 13 is Helen Mack's number. She was born on November 13, 1913, and got going on the stage at thirteen. . . . Baby LeRoy is really LeRoy Weinbrenner. He has made five features in nine months. He's the sole support of his mother and has recently purchased a fully stocked ranch outside Hollywood. Is unmarried and not escorting Shirley Temple places. Has been going temperamental ever since his picture-stealing feud with W. C. Fields; and when Lee Tracy made a face at him on Lemon Drop Kid set, he burst into tears and sulked for days, causing entire lay-off of cast till Tracy and he made up. When he starts to yell there's no stopping him till he yells it out. Got start because of ability to thrust out lower lip and imitate Chevalier. . . . Minna Gombell is married to Joe Sefton, California business man. She and Joe do considerable deep-sea fishing. . . . William Frawley played the press agent for the stage's 20th Century. . . . Robert McWade made good with a grouch. He has played one for more than twenty-five years and has proved it unnecessary to smile to make good.

½ ★ LOVE TIME

THE PLAYERS: Pat Paterson, Nils Asther, Herbert Mundin, Harry Green, Henry B. Walthall, Lucien Littlefield, Henry Kolker, Albert Conti, Herman Bing, and others. Directed by James Tinling. Story by Richard Carroll.

THIS little picture has pretensions of being based on the life of Franz Schubert. But about the only thing that Schubert and Love Time have in common is that they both die of anæmia. The story turns out to be merely the B-flat variation on the theme of the poor but honest composer and the little girl in the fields who is really a princess all the time. And, oh, the pain of their true love.

Love Time will please neither music lovers who respect Schubert's fragile genius, nor moviegoers who naturally expect a moving plot and vital characters. The mushy boredom of it is relieved no whit by the miscasting of Nils Asther as the Germanic Schubert, and the English Pat Paterson as the innocent bird-brained princess of the Viennese court.

Lee Tracy as the ex-convict, and Helen Mack in a scene from the picture The Lemon Drop Kid.

We should like to enter our futile protest against movie musicians who read unknown scores at sight while gazing wistfully away from the music or who execute brilliant cadenzas without once looking at the keys.

This week shows the low-water mark in feature pictures; but in the next issue we hope to report more happily on Anna Sten's lavish production We Live Again, and to tell about Eddie Cantor's extravaganza Kid Millions.

VITAL STATISTICS: Franz Schubert died at thirty-one but left over 700 melodies behind, for which Tin Pan Alley will always be grateful. . . . Pat Paterson was born in England, but became a French citizen when she married Charles Boyer. She collects rare books. She had eight weeks to learn to play the violin passably well for this picture. She's five feet two and weighs 103. . . . Nils Asther was born in Denmark of Swedish parents and has had his ups and downs in Hollywood since emigrating there in 1928 to score heavily in Laugh, Clown, Laugh, and Dancing Daughters. Returned to Sweden with the coming of sound to film, and studied English till Hollywood reclaimed him. Can turn villain or goo-goo-eyed hero at will. Prefers latter. Claims his eyes were once black but working under studio lights turned them gray-green. Plays piano but had to learn to operate spinet for the rôle of Franz Schubert. Also learned to lead orchestra. . . . Lucien Littlefield manages a semipro ball team on the side and might have played pro baseball if he hadn't enjoyed acting more. . . . Albert Conti is an authority on European customs and manners of the nineteenth century and is a valuable man to have around for period-film research work. Von Stroheim inducted him into pictures a dozen years ago. . . . James Burke began theatrical career as minstrel-show end man and later worked on the Wall Street Journal. He finds Hollywood safer than Wall Street. Generally plays dicks on the screen. . . . Josephine Whittell was a New York musicomedy soprano until she married Robert Warwick, to be divorced some years later. . . . Earle Foxe rides his own horse in the picture. . . . Genuine water clock, which Franz Schubert himself might have seen, used to mark Love Time in film. . . . Herbert Mundin has become violent six-day-bike fan. . . . Georgia Cane was one of Marie Dressler's best friends.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory.

★★★—The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo.

Is this the American Girl?

A Ruthless, Reckless Racketeer, "Glorified" for Gold — Do You Agree with This Withering Feminine Appraisal?

by ELSIE ROBINSON

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE red-headed girl squirmed her way through the chattering crowd bending over the marble basins and seized the coveted place before the cheval glass. Hand on hip, she surveyed herself.

Hazel eyes narrowed intently, she twisted, turned, advanced, retreated, studying the play of her body, half covered by its apricot satin sheath. No embarrassment—not even self-consciousness. Merely frank appraisal. She'd known that skirt was too loose! That was what came of buying bargain things in a hurry.

Swooping swiftly, she lifted the skirt, calling the maid as she did so. Thin as a boy's, the whole length of her body stood bared.

"Safety pins, please."

The maid's black fingers flashed with practiced ease along the seams. The girl stood still with difficulty. Her eyes remained cold but her lips twitched, hummed, her toes tapped with nervous excitement. The maid carefully pulled the skirt down, inch by difficult inch.

A long critical moment. Redhead's eyes widened with satisfaction. Now the satin stretched taut like a more shining skin. She stepped cautiously—yes, the seams would hold—tipped the maid, turned, hurried out. At the sill of the Rose Room broadclothed arms caught her, tightened with increased zest, dived with her into the surging tide of music.

Elsie Robinson has been, as she says, "about everything: wife, mother, cook, dressmaker, nurse, hard-rock miner"—as well as writer and illustrator. A native of "the extreme Wild West," she's now ranching in California. Never was a toe dancer; says she would like to try it!

It was the woman's rest room of a fashionable hotel. You can learn more about women there in five minutes than you could in a year of psychological lectures. See women as men never see them—*as men don't want to see them. No man could keep his sense of superiority for a second if he faced the ruthlessness of women there revealed.* And they'll be that way, mind you, all the while they're drifting soft as night moths and never lifting their voices above a gurgle.

I've lived for years at a time where we hardly ever saw a woman. Yet the roughest miner, stinking of sweat, tobacco, and cowhide, won't put his mark on a place the way a bunch of dainty painted little dolls will. It isn't just the film of make-up they leave over everything. It's something both stronger and more subtle.

Saturday night. Dancing. Satin and tulle waves of girls—orchid, turquoise, lemon, jade, and rose against the black plush and silver. Some of them moving like mannequins in stiff gold or sequined gauze. Every nationality and tint—seal brown, hennaed, ash blonde, or gleaming blue-black against skin as pallid and poreless as old ivory. Yet for all their differences of style they were curiously alike as soon as they entered the rest room.

Fat or skinny, lively or languid, they all moved in exactly the same way—like nervous cats. None of that mincing modesty or tomboy clumsiness you'd have seen in their mothers back in '94. A slouch as artificial as a goose step—almost you could see them practicing it before some long mirror. Garbo plus West.

Talking, laughing, rouging, pressing in their waves, powdering themselves, swapping cigarettes, they crowded around basins, sprawled in chairs. Saturday-night dancing girls—they're a chapter in American history.

The instant they left the rest room they were different creatures. Excitement muffled into a lazy indifference or soft bewilderment, eyelids drooping, painted finger tips curling, clinging in a helpless sort of way.

But that was all right—if it meant what it seemed to mean. Even the nakedness was all right. Hygienic? Yes. But of course it wasn't that. No—this was a deliberate display for a definite purpose.

But suppose it was? Why crab because a pretty girl is trying to get what her grandmother got out of life? No one is crabbing. All power to her—if she is trying to get what grandma got. *But is she?*

Here we have 'em—our Glorified Girls. And now what are we going to do with them? *What do they want to do?*

"Why all the hollering?" you cry. "If nobody minds how a kid dresses, what's the argument? Everybody knows what she does it for. For just the same reason that her grandma wore about a dozen petticoats plus starched pantalettes—so she can pick herself off a husband. What's wrong with a girl trying to make a good marriage?"

There's nothing wrong—provided that is what she's trying to make. But is that what Redhead was trying to pull off when she tightened those seams?

Or was that maybe part of an entirely different program—a program which, instead of "making good marriages," is raising hell with them?

Granted that Redhead wants a man. That's both natural and commendable. Granted, too, that she was going gunning for that man. That's plain. But I'm asking again—

Are these maneuvers really heading in the Dear Old-Fashioned Way toward the dishpan, gas plate, and high chair?

However, we'll concede that the girls want marriage. Most of them do. But what does marriage mean to these girls who jam the beauty shops, rest rooms, and movies of America? Can it possibly mean what it meant to their grandmothers? Be your age—of course it can't.

Even if independent latchkeys and pocketbooks hadn't changed everything, the movies would. Where does little Redhead, aged five, begin to learn about marriage? At mama's knee? In the church parlors? No, dear optimist; at the neighborhood movies—and what she learns is *plenty!*

First of all she learns that the wages of sin is a penthouse. She doesn't know what sin is yet; she has only a vague idea about penthouses. But you can bet your last nickel she gets the general drift.

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

Saturday night. Dancing. The instant the girls left the rest room they were different creatures. Excitement muffled, painted finger tips clinging in a helpless sort of way.

Does that mean that little Redhead, having arrived at the age of indiscretion, is going to scram for the streets? Of course not. For the average little Redhead is a decent kid at heart. And she's smart. Hep to the fact that scarlet soon becomes a very trying color.

So she decides and wants to stay good. But if you think she means what grandma meant by that, you're simply crazy. For, according to our best movies, all grandma got by staying good was a chance to spoil her complexion by riding in a covered wagon, and ruin her figure raising a family, and get "dishwater hands" by scrubbing overalls.

Why should any girl spend all that money in beauty shops and then waste the results on a covered-wagon career? What a sap her friends would think her!

In a word, by every conceivable commercial device we have been teaching little Redhead that "only saps work" —that a girl is a confessed failure if she makes a marriage which binds her to hard labor and monotony—and that a smart girl should lead a life of leisure and luxury hitherto solely achieved by prostitution.

Little Redhead swallows the beautification propaganda. Likewise the movies. Likewise the beauty broadcasts. And by the time little Redhead is eighteen she knows exactly what she wants and how to get it.

Which is—what? Which is—

To fall in love. With a man. And get married.

"But that's just what her grandmother wanted!"

Yes, stranger—but with What a Difference!

For when grandma maneuvered to become a Mrs. she expected to work at the job. By marrying, grandma saved herself from the shameful fate of becoming a spinster. She also assured herself of three squares for life—no mean achievement in a world which held neither jobs nor careers for women. As a consequence she was both grateful and earnest. When she entered her husband's home she left girlhood and its attendant ga-ga definitely behind and proceeded to dig in.

Not so granddaughter. She enjoys before marriage as much liberty and cash as the man she is about to marry. Often more. In addition, the Glorification process has made her feel that she should expect never less than a ten-per-cent dividend on all invested favors.

And by favors she means favors. Never does she let her husband forget the priceless boon she has conferred by "giving up her freedom and sacrificing her career." If by chance she becomes a mother, the whole galaxy of ancient martyrs have nothing on her!

ACTUALLY she may have loathed her "freedom" and may never have been within sight of a career. But from the day she marries some poor sap he is made to feel in countless subtle ways that he has done her dirt.

So there's the picture. Why does a whole generation of Perfectly Nice Girls strip itself like savages and display its wares to the highest bidder? And what's happening to the American home in consequence?

Read our front pages, study our divorce and juvenile-delinquency record, drop in on any bridge club where the girls are dishing the dirt, and judge for yourself.

And *all because we've "Glorified the American Girl"!*

All because we've given women the cockeyed notion that they're a special treat.

We've taken nice kind-hearted healthy human females and encouraged them to become, at best, a lot of idle, vain, selfish, silly odalisques—a gang of ruthless, reckless racketeers.

And why have we done this? *To make money!*

We've done it to fill our ballrooms and show houses; to sell our messes and gadgets and gowns.

There's the simple truth. So now what?

THE END

The Lady's Secret

Of a Cavalier-Crook and a Battle of Wits with a Beauty Most Discreet—As Charming a Tale as Ever Was Told by the Author of "These Charming People"

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT is a disagreeable thing to say, but one day not long ago a lady was accosted by a man in St. James's Street.

Let us not speak of her dress, for any one can buy the most exquisite frocks. Her figure was nice, too. But it was her face, carriage, and manner that permitted the observer no doubt whatsoever as to her breeding.

We speak, in point of fact, of the Countess of Quorn.

Now, though Lady Quorn was not more than thirty-five years old, she had added to the advantages of high birth, beauty, and one of the most distinguished marriages in England, the reputation of being the most irreproachable of gentlewomen, the most brilliant of platform speakers in the Conservative interest, and the most exclusive of hostesses.

Taking something out of his pocket, the Cavalier said, "Here's your wallet, which you'll need to pay for the beer. You must have dropped it."

Imagine, therefore, the audacity of the man who, without any introduction whatsoever, would thrust his vulgar presence upon this lady. As offhand as you please. He neither took his hands out of his pockets nor his hat off his head. He planted himself directly in front of her.

"I want," said he, "to talk to you."

Lady Quorn, who was wondering whether it would be judicious to ask Terry Bruce down to Eves Park for the week-end with or without his charming wife, who bored her to death, stopped.

"*What* did you say?"

"I said," said the man, "that I wanted a few words with you. Now you say something."

Lady Quorn's blue eyes rested on him. He was fingering the rope of pearls he had extracted from the handkerchief.

by MICHAEL ARLEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU

Now Lady Quorn had a very steady eye with animals and ambassadors. And they quailed before her. But this person showed no signs whatsoever of quailing. She saw before her a man of perhaps thirty years of age, a tall athletic figure in a shabby blue suit of a good cut and wearing the honorable tie of her husband's old school. His face was long, narrow, and tanned, and his nose—which had originally been of the same generic order as her own patrician but decorative affair—had obviously been broken at some time, for it now showed a decided twist to one side. He looked, in fact, a reckless sort of fellow with some pretensions to gentility.

"I think," she said, "you must be mad."

And her eyes flicking him to one side as she took a step forward to continue her walk, she was arrested again by a really astounding happening. For the man had actually dared to prod her arm sharply. With his thumb.

Her anger was such that for a moment she felt quite dizzy.

"Go," she said, "before I have to call a constable."

"Better hadn't before you've heard what I have to say."

"Do you know," she said icily, "who I am?"

"I couldn't care less," said the hawklike man, "if you were Queen of the May. Now be a good girl, Lady Quorn, and try to be sensible for a change. I am not picking you up—"

"Picking me up?" gasped Lady Quorn. "*Me?*"

"You remind me of my aunt," said the man coldly. "I am not picking you up because I think you are a nice-looking piece but because I want to talk business with you. To make myself a little clearer I shall add two names: Harry and Diana."

WE have to respect Lady Quorn. Any other woman might very well have looked frightened, but her eyes expressed only a profound distaste for the company in which she found herself. Thus gentlewomen once went to the guillotine.

"To think," she said, "that a man who was at the same school as my husband could be such a cad."

"This is hardly the time," said the hawklike man, "in which to discuss the faults of the public-school system. Would you rather I put my business to you here in St. James's Street, Lady Quorn, or shall we take a taxi and have a jolly ride round the park?"

Never in Lady Quorn's life had she been talked to in this way. And for perhaps the first time in her life she felt fear.

"Is this," she said, "blackmail?"

"Without gloves, Lady Quorn."

She measured him with cold undaunted eyes.

"You may," she said, "call a taxi."

"Let me congratulate you," said the hawklike man. "You are a brave woman."

" I can see nothing brave," said Sheila Quorn, " in getting into a taxi with a worm."

In the taxi the man said:

" You will be glad to hear that I have not really had much experience in blackmailing people, for I am by preference a burglar, as my father was before me and my brother is now."

" And was," she asked with distaste, " your charming father caught? "

" No, he went bankrupt, a fate to which all bankers are liable, and one which I fear my brother, who is a broker, will not escape for long. Now I dare say, Lady Quorn, you are panting to know why you are being blackmailed. I shall tell you. It is my mission in life to look behind the surface of things. I seek, probe, and pierce. I penetrate. And then, Lady Quorn, I unveil.

" Now what did I see when I unveiled you?

" I saw that you were Dame Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde. Marble without, you were clay within. Behind your unassailable reputation you live another life. You permit men to fall in love with you. That is not a crime, of course. But you encourage them, and that's a hell of a dirty trick. You are a very secret and a very discreet woman, Lady Quorn, so no one knows of your amorous adventures, though no doubt some of your friends suspect something of the kind and admire you for getting away with it.

" Now it would be easy for me to share this admiration, for I am as partial as the next man to a beautiful woman, if you were not at heart cold, selfish, greedy, and cruel. Correct me if I am wrong, Lady Quorn. For you a man is an amusement for a few weeks or a few months.

" Let us face the facts. You are beautiful. You are passionate. You are famous. Thus you obsess men, for they are idiots. And since each one thinks he is the first and only man for love of whom you have been unfaithful to your husband, each has kept your name secret from his wife or his sweetheart.

" At a ball recently you took quite a fancy to a presentable young man called Harry Something. He is engaged to be married to a very pretty but not very wise young girl called Diana Something. Harry knows quite a bit about horses, so you asked him down to Eves Park to have a look at your hunters—not on a crowded week-end but on a week day. He approved of your horses so thoroughly that he has not been able to give a thought to Diana since. In fact, I fancy he has already broken off the engagement.

" Now my expenses in making these momentous inquiries into your private life have been very considerable, Lady Quorn. But I am not a greedy man. So I am going to ask you to promise me to win my approval in the future by being a good girl.

" If you have to have affairs at all, Lady Quorn, you will choose only unattached men whose passion for you will bring no unhappiness to any one else. But if you continue to have secret meetings with young men like Harry, if you continue to ask young Bruce down to Eves Park without his wife, if, in short, you continue indulging in monkey business—it will cost you, Lady Quorn, one hundred pounds a time.

" I NEED hardly say that if you don't pay I shall make it my business to see that the offended party, that is the wife or the fiancée, is given a good hint or a series of good hints as to the identity of the intervener.

" In short, Lady Quorn, you continue indulging in monkey business with other people's property and I shall consider it my duty to throw a monkey wrench into your reputation."

She said: " Please stop the taxi."

He did so.

She said: " And get out."

He did so, and stood looking in at her. She never once glanced in his direction. And when she spoke, her lips scarcely moved.

" What is your name? "

" I am sometimes known as the Cavalier of the Streets." The man looked more than ever hawklike when he smiled.

MICHAEL ARLEN

was born in Bulgaria, of Armenian parents, but was taken by them to England when only five and was educated there. His real name was Dikran Kouyoumdjian, but when he began to write he realized it might be somewhat of a handicap and so he had it legally changed. With his wife and son he lives in France.

" And sometimes by much shorter names than that. I hope," he added, " that you will give the most careful consideration to what I have said."

She smiled very faintly, never glancing at him.

" I shall not forget you," said Lady Quorn.

The Cavalier of the Streets, walking down Shaftesbury Avenue that night, was not surprised when a beefy-looking man in a bowler hat caught up with him and tapped him on the shoulder.

" I want," said the shoulder-tapper in his ear, " to talk to you, Wagstaffe."

" Mister Wagstaffe," said the hawklike man absently.

" I've got a message for you, my lad," said the inspector. " Want me to spill it here or shall we go to some quiet place? "

" I have never," said the Cavalier of the Streets, " refused a drink in my life."

THEY went into a big place near by. Detective Inspector Bulrose took a deep draft of his beer before addressing his companion.

" Now look here, Wagstaffe, you're in trouble. And you look like being in more trouble. This is straight to you from Superintendent Crust. And *he* had it from some one higher up, maybe from the commissioner himself, so you can see what trouble you are in. Superintendent told me to say that in spite of knowing you're an incorrigible crook, he's got quite a warm spot for you because of the help you've given us in some cases. But you've got to drop irritating and molesting people with this Cavalier of the Streets stuff. We've never caught you with the stuff yet, but you can't get away with it every time. I don't know what you've been up to today, but superintendent said that the commissioner was as mad as hell—"

The hawklike man grinned.

" I'll bet he was. I wonder what she told him."

" What's that? " said the inspector eagerly. " Who's she? "

" You mind your own business, Bulrose. The commissioner and I have got some of the same friends in the very highest society, and we naturally couldn't reveal social secrets to mere beer drinkers like you." Getting up from the table and taking something out of his pocket, the Cavalier said, " Here's your wallet, which you'll need to pay for the beer. You must have dropped it on the floor. Good night to you, Bulrose. Give my love to the commissioner, and tell him to keep an eye on his daughter. The aunt she went to dine with last Thursday night wore a silk hat and socks."

It was not to the commissioner that Lady Quorn had made a complaint about the Cavalier of the Streets but to one of her several friends in the Cabinet, who had telephoned to the Home Secretary, who had telephoned to the commissioner, who had talked to the assistant commissioner, who had said a few sharp words to Superintendent Crust, who had passed them on to Inspector Bulrose.

Lady Quorn had said that an American friend of hers had recently been troubled a great deal by a rascal calling himself the Cavalier of the Streets.

She had added that this young American lady, who belonged to one of the first families of Philadelphia, was far too shy to make any charge against the wretch, but that really something ought to be done to prevent distinguished foreigners in London from being molested by gangsters. And Lady Quorn was of the opinion that, since so self-confident a rascal must in the past have frequently broken the law, the police should prove him guilty of some past misdemeanor and put him where he could no longer annoy people.

Her influential friend in the Cabinet was able to assure Lady Quorn that everything possible would be done and that the young lady from Philadelphia would no longer be molested.

So about a week later Lady Quorn was disagreeably surprised when one afternoon her butler informed her that a Mr. Michael Wagstaffe had called to see her.

" I am," said her ladyship, " not at home."

She was thinking very rapidly as the butler went to-

ward the door. Then a curious smile flickered over her severe features, and what was curious about this smile was that it was at the same time childish, wicked, and very attractive.

"I have changed my mind, Jolly. Show him into the morning room."

Now Lady Quorn was wearing a hat when Jolly announced the unwelcome visitor, but when she went downstairs she was not wearing a hat. Her golden burnished hair, which has been described in the illustrated papers as often as the Quorn pearls, of which her throat was never without a rope, need call for no comment here.

THE man was standing by the window looking out into Berkeley Square. His head uncovered, his face looked leaner and more hawklike than ever. His black hair was quite decidedly gray at the temples. She was surprised to notice how little out of place he looked in her house, in spite of his casual clothes. She stood very still just within the doorway, a tall, slender, gracious woman. His mouth twisted into a smile.

"You seem to be a very dangerous woman, Lady Quorn."

"And aren't you," she asked, "a very reckless man to come here?"

"After you put Scotland Yard on to me?"

"Oh, I don't like being defenseless."

They were standing in front of the empty fireplace. Her blue eyes were bright with laughter. He studied her thoughtfully.

"With half an eye," he said pleasantly, "I can see that you are up to something."

She laughed outright. And a dog outside in the hall, hearing her pleasant laugh, barked frantically.

"And are you going to blackmail me?"

"Of course, Lady Quorn. And you know why."

"I don't seem to remember anything of quite *that* nature since I last saw you."

"What about the afternoon before last?"

She thought, frowning.

"Oh," she said, "Terry? I had tea with him. He was so lonely, he wanted to be cheered up."

"A nice cup of tea," he said, "can of course be very cheering."

"I have," she said severely, "the highest respect for Terry's wife."

"It must be a great consolation for her."

"Now you are being sarcastic, and quite unjustifiably. If I can't," she said, "have an innocent cup of tea with a friend, what can I have?"

"I am," he said, "more or less in the same position as a divorce judge who has to decide whether a man and woman alone together in surroundings that permit them a certain freedom of movement have taken advantage of those surroundings to do no more than have a nice cup of tea together."

"It is wrong," she said severely, "to think the worst of people."

"I'm afraid, Lady Quorn, that it is no good appealing to the better instincts of a blackmailer."

"I wouldn't dream," she said seriously, "of appealing to your better instincts. It's only that I want fair play, and how can it be fair for me to give you a hundred pounds when my conscience is quite clear?"

"Your conscience?" he said. "A most unreliable witness, Lady Quorn."

"Well, all I know is," she said, "that I am an innocent woman."

"You mean since I last saw you a week ago?"

"Of course," she said gravely, "only for the last week."

"Still," he said, "your actions were decidedly misleading."

She sighed. "You are a very suspicious man, aren't you?"

"A blackmailer has to be. And besides," he said severely, "it is written that the intention is as bad as the crime."

"That's exactly what I always tell my children. But," she added, "I'm bothered if I am going to pay a hundred pounds for nothing more than an intention."

"Well," he said grudgingly, "I suppose that's only fair. Now will you tell me something, Lady Quorn, before I go? You were very far from amused the last time I saw you. But this time you seem to have had great difficulty in not breaking out into girlish giggles throughout our interview. I wonder why?"

Her level blue eyes were so radiant with laughter that he could not help but smile in return. He took a step back as the very faint perfume from her burnished hair just brushed his nostrils.

"It's quite easy," she said, "to explain. I am thirty-five years old, and you are the only person I've ever met in my life who knows me as I am. I never dreamed there would be any man or woman in this world who would ever know the worst of me as well as the best. You are the only person before whom I do not have to act. That is why this interview has amused me so much. I am so tired of acting!" The door opened, and she continued in a pleasantly sociable voice: "So you must come and see me again, won't you? I so enjoy your visits."

The butler said: "My lady, the committee is waiting in the drawing-room."

"I shall be there in one moment."

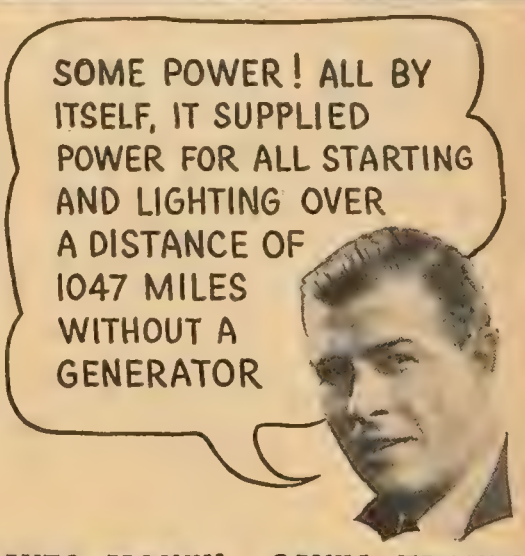
ALONE again, she said, smiling: "Well, that's my real life. Sitting or presiding on committees. The rest—all we've been talking about—is nonsense. And never—as nonsense—as amusing as one anticipates." She extended her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Cavalier."

She was unsmiling, serious. He took her hand.

"You've made it impossible for me," he said, "to blackmail you again—almost."

"Almost?" she said. "And what does that mean?"

A NEW KIND OF BATTERY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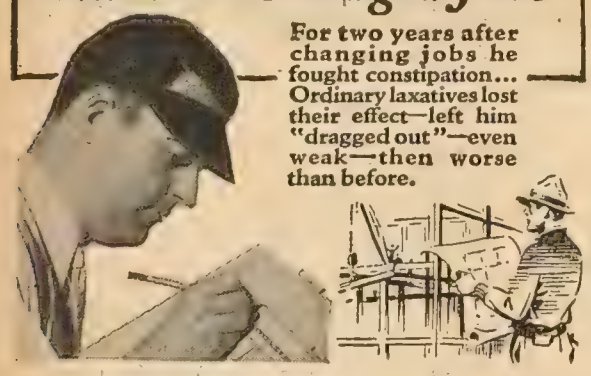
CONSTIPATED
Since He Changed Jobs



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Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

NRA CODE

"It means," he said, taking her extended hand, "that I haven't believed a word you've said. For though I think that you are one of the most attractive women I have ever met, I am not under your spell yet."

Withdrawing her hand, she walked toward the door. He stood watching her, a faint smile on his dark face.

"I thought," she said from the door, "that you were a man of courage. I am sorry if I have frightened you. The butler will show you out."

He had no sooner left the house than he was joined by Detective-Inspector Bulrose.

"You're a prize juggins, my lad," he said testily. "Now you come along with me."

"What for, Bulrose?"

"Little innocent, aren't you?" Then suddenly, with a vehemence that flushed his face with crimson, he bawled: "Taxi!"

"Where's your warrant?"

A taxi driver, who had evidently just finished putting on a spare wheel at the corner of Hill Street, jumped enthusiastically into his cab and drove up beside them. Bulrose testily flung open the door.

"Don't ask silly questions. Jump in."

They were no farther than about eight yards from the door of Lady Quorn's house. Both men turned as the door was flung open and the slim elegant figure of a young lady came tripping down the stone steps.

"I suppose," snapped the inspector, "you're going to say you've never seen her before?"

"But you must introduce me, Bulrose. She looks a nice piece."

"Where's your manners?" said the inspector indignantly. "Calling a friend of Lady Quorn's a 'nice piece'!"

The young lady came tripping toward them. She appeared to be interested in the contents of her vanity bag, in which she was fumbling. Bulrose had taken a step forward saying:

"Beg pardon, miss, is this the man?"

"Sure," said the pretty young lady, looking coldly into the Cavalier's face. Her voice, which was at once soft and racy, would have made the United States ambassador homesick. "And if," she said, "you will examine his pockets, you'll certainly find the check I gave him a few minutes ago."

THE inspector looked with disgust at his prisoner.

"And to think," he said, "I once thought you were almost an intelligent crook! Taking a check! Hand it over."

The Cavalier, a dazed expression on his face, slowly extracted from the right-side pocket of his jacket a folded check.

"Hand it over," the inspector repeated. "I suppose you're going to say you've never seen *that* before."

"Oh, no," said the Cavalier. "But I'd like to look at it just once again."

Unfolding the check, he saw that it was made out to Michael Wagstaffe, Esq., for the sum of one hundred pounds and was signed by Monica Gubbins. Then he handed it to the inspector.

The Cavalier looked thoughtfully into the girl's face. She would not meet his eyes.

"You are quite sure, Miss Gubbins," he said, "that you gave me this check in Lady Quorn's house?"

"Why, of course!" said the pretty young lady. "What was I to do when you were blackmailing me? And besides, Lady Quorn told me it was the best way out."

"Miss Gubbins," said the inspector, "I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to come along with us and fill in the charge against this man."

"But," said the young lady, "I don't think I'm going to make any charge against him."

BULROSE mopped his brow.

"Ho!" he said bitterly. "I'm sitting down in my office to a cup of tea when along comes an urgent message from Lady Quorn that this crook here has had the impudence to call at her house to see an American lady visiting her ladyship and is no doubt going to try to blackmail her. And when I nab him with the check on him—she ain't going to make no charge."

"And what would happen to him," asked the pretty young lady, "if I did make it?"

"Two to three years," said Bulrose persuasively, "hard."

"Then," said Miss Gubbins, turning to the silent Cavalier, "you certainly have to thank Lady Quorn for being given another chance. When she asked me to let you off as you were no doubt just a silly young man driven to crime from reading detective stories or seeing too many gangster pictures, I just had to say I would. Lady Quorn said maybe all you needed to come to your right senses again was a good square meal, and she gave me this ten-shilling note to give you, though of course you mustn't spend it all on going to the movies. But mind, now, this must be a lesson to you never to try blackmailing people again."

And the pretty young lady, pressing the ten-shilling note into the Cavalier's numbed hand, walked swiftly away.

Then Detective-Inspector Bulrose really got down to business, so that butlers passing by in charge of lap dogs envied him.

"Strike me pink!" he gasped.

Laughing with that profound relish which comes but too rarely in this vale of sorrow, he very nearly choked.

"I wouldn't have missed that," he gasped, "for all the beer in the world. Good as a play to hear the Cavalier of the Streets being told off for being a bad boy from seeing too many naughty pictures. Which do you like best, Clarence, the ones where the villain repents and goes straight for love of a nice pure girl? Superintendent Crust may almost forgive Lady Quorn for getting you off when he

hears that the biggest crook in London was tipped ten bob to get himself a decent meal."

The hawklike man, staring down at the ten-shilling note in his hand with a queer smile, said not a word. The taxi which Bulrose had hailed was still with them.

"Jerwantme," said the taxi driver, "or not?"

The inspector gave him a shilling with a friendly wave of the hand, told the Cavalier to be a good boy in future and see as few gangster films as possible, called him Clarence, and grinning broadly, strode away toward Vine Street to tell his friend, Inspector Mussel, the joke.

THE taxi driver, who had been fumbling with his gears while the inspector was departing, now desisted and looked sympathetically at the silent figure on the curb.

"Poor old Waggers," he said. "But the main point is that we've got the stuff. It was pretty neat, the way you handed it to me just after I drove up."

The Cavalier, coming suddenly to life, twitched an eyebrow.

"And to think," he said, "I've lived to be called Clarence by a flat-footed dick."

But there was a gleam in his dark eyes which might have given Inspector Bulrose food for thought rather than matter for laughter. Approaching so near the taxi driver in his seat that there was no space between their arms, he whispered quickly:

"Hand it back, Pullman."

His obedient subordinate, doing his best to hide his curiosity by whistling, slipped a somewhat bulky handkerchief into the other's hand. The Cavalier, his back to the house behind him, slipped it into his breast pocket.

"Put the car away," he said, "and come to the flat about six. And for pity's sake get yourself a decent shave."

As the taxi driver indignantly changed gears he saw, to his astonishment, his chief mounting the broad steps to Lady Quorn's house.

"I wondered," said Lady Quorn, "if you would come back."

"I can only hope you have missed me. I have," he said, "a bone to pick with you, Lady Quorn."

"Oh, what ingratitude! And after the trouble I went to persuading Miss Gubbins to make no charge against you for the horrible crime of blackmail."

"I don't know how," he said, "to thank you—or forgive you. For, entirely owing to you, I have been called Clarence by a policeman."

"If you wish," she said, "I will write to the commissioner and complain on your behalf."

"Are you positive," he said, "that you haven't any complaints to make on your own? Better look in the mirror, Lady Quorn."

Her level blue eyes rested on him for a long second before she turned to the looking-glass over the fireplace.

He was thoughtfully fingering the rope of pearls he had extracted from the handkerchief the taxi driver had returned to him. He held them out to her. She made no movement, her shoulder to him, still gazing at him in the mirror.

"So all that blackmail business," she said, "was just so much nonsense—an excuse to get into my house?"

"Let us call it a background. It was quite sincere. I disapproved of you and I told you why. I only steal from people I disapprove of."

"And why are you returning my pearls?"

"I told you," he said, "that I only stole from people I disapproved of."

"And you've ceased to disapprove?"

"Oh, no. But I disapprove of your husband even more for being, as he must be, such an unattractive, useless, and silly man as not to be able to keep the affections of a woman like Sheila Quorn."

"I gather, then, that you are returning the pearls because you like me?"

"Yes. And also," he said gravely, "because they are false."

HE let the pearls drop with a small crash on to the table and walked toward the door.

"Cavalier," she said, "would you have returned them if they had been real?"

"Believe it or not," he said from the door, "I should have returned them just as an excuse to see you again. Good-by, Sheila Quorn. If your husband ever misses his pearl studs, you will know that my disapproval of a complaisant husband has reached its limit."

His hand was on the door knob.

"Cavalier," she said, "I know so little about you. Are you unattached?"

As he turned slowly toward her he saw her pressing the bell.

"I am ringing," she said, "for tea."

THE END

Answer to Perk-Ups on Page 27

1A—Grippe	1B—Grip		14A—Course	14B—Coarse
2A—Whole	2B—Hole		15A—Roe	15B—Row
3A—I	3B—Eye	3C—Aye	16A—Toe	16B—Tow
4A—Cruise	4B—Crews		17A—Guyed	17B—Guide
5A—Fair	5B—Fare		18A—Sights	18B—Sites
6A—Knew	6B—New		19A—Sail	19B—Sale
7A—Seize	7B—Seas		20A—Mast	20B—Massed
8A—Isle	8B—I'll		21A—Oar	21B—Or
9A—Birth	9B—Berth		22A—To	22B—Too 22C—Two
10A—Bow	10B—Bough		23A—Would	23B—Wood
11A—Hear	11B—Here		24A—Know	24B—No
12A—Surge	12B—Serge		25A—Fate	25B—Fête
13A—Straight	13B—Strait			

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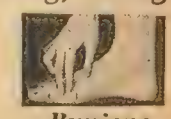
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Rumors, Women, and Wales

Continuing a Series of Revelations of

The Bachelor Prince

The Duncan Sisters. "The story goes that Prince and King had a very engaging private dance" with them.

U. & U. photo

The Prince, in parachute harness, boards a plane. He hasn't become a pilot.

by His Friend

FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE inside stories of the Prince's experiences in the United States were told by Mr. Hunt last week. It was his second visit, made in 1924, which afforded so much excitement to millions of feminine newspaper readers, and which resolved itself into a frenzied fox hunt with the Prince in the rôle of fox, the hunters including not only the weary news hounds but flappers, débutantes, and young matrons of fashionable Long Island.

The Prince had come over as Baron Renfrew, "Playboy Extraordinary and Gay Ambassador without portfolio." He attended the international polo matches, was made a lionized bone of contention in bitter social rivalries, and—though he had "no more privacy than a goldfish" except in odd small hours when he managed to slip away—gave rise to much gossip, most of which Mr. Hunt declares to have been without foundation. After nine "busy days and amusing nights," and after a profitable sale of some of his polo ponies, he left for a rest on his ranch in Alberta.

His first visit, in 1919, had followed his "conquest of Canada." That time, he called upon the stricken Woodrow Wilson, "captured the heart of New York," and was given an impressive naval send-off at his departure on the Renown.

PART SIX—"WOMEN AND HORSES AND POWER AND WAR"

POSSIBLY it is high time that the whole matter of the Prince and his relationships with women should be brought out into the bright light of open examination. I have heard as many of these rumors mouthed about as any one else, and I have taken the trouble to run a number of them to earth. Almost invariably they have been exaggerated to a point where they have become to all intents and purposes plain lies.

One persistent story has to do with a large party given by a rich and ambitious American lady at her house in Deauville, France. Both the Prince and the then King of Spain were stopping near by, and it was a great triumph for the American lion hunter to get them both to come to her party.

The story goes that the Duncan Sisters had been brought in as professional entertainers, but that both the Prince and the King were so charmed with their dancing that they slipped off into a small drawing-room with them and, locating a portable phonograph and some records, had a very engaging private dance. The other guests had arrived and dinner was announced, but the poor hostess did not dare break in on the little private party.

Finally, in desperation, so the story goes, she led the remainder of her guests into the dining room, and in strained and cool silence they ate their dinner while royalty enjoyed dancing with the two charming actresses.

Obviously it is an untrue story. In the first place, never would the Prince, under any circumstances, have been so rude and inconsiderate to his hostess. Consideration for other people is one of the abiding tenets of

Acme photo

The Prince and Alfonso, now Spain's ex-King. Rumor has associated these two with the Duncan Sisters.

"He has never fallen off a horse!" A risky hurdle, taken in 1928.

the Prince's articles of conduct. He simply wouldn't have done such a bad-mannered thing.

This little Duncan-Sisters story is a sample of the sort that is eternally bandied about. If the Prince wants to golf quietly at Le Touquet, he is hounded by photographers and his doings reported in the minutest detail by the press. If he has private guards to insure him some little modicum of privacy, it is suggested that he is up to something. If he dances more than once with some charming American woman, it is rumored that there is high scandal in the making.

In London there are one or two women who unquestionably mean a great deal to him. I do not believe that it is possible for any man to attain the fine tolerance and wisdom that this forty-year-old Prince has today without having been under the influence of some woman whose platonic friendship has been for a time like the shadow of a rock in a desert.

Filthy minds notwithstanding, it is possible for a man to love a woman very deeply and beautifully—yet with a love akin to the relationship of a son and mother.

I am told that the Prince has at least one woman friend—call her Mrs. X if you wish—to whom he can carry the innermost secrets of his heart. Their companionship is based on a deep and lasting respect for each other. It is of no importance whether or not this woman is married or has children of her own. She has the true heart, and she can offer a busy, harassed, and often weary man the affection and understanding and help that only a woman can give.

The Prince has been a normal and sound individual in every way. He has been no plaster saint. But he has done no more and no less than any other normal young man living in a dizzy changing age.

In the postwar years he played hard, got to know women of all kinds—but he worked hard as well. The things he did could not stay "off the record." His prominence and popularity made every tiny indiscretion assume the proportion of a scandal. And once started these bits of gossip were forever turning up.

I REMEMBER years ago hearing a rumor that shortly after the war the Prince had fallen in love with a beautiful and sweet Irish girl, an officer's widow, who for a time was a lady in waiting to his sister. Although deeply in love with the Prince, the young widow saw how impossible it all was and had the courage and good sense to leave. Later, the story had it, she married an elderly Irish peer who subsequently died.

Just the other day I heard a version of the story repeated and vouched for. I rather hope it is true, but I doubt it. No bit of gossip could remain true after a decade of manhandling.

I believe that if the Prince really wanted to marry today, the court would stretch many of its hard-and-fast rules about the necessity of royalty marrying royalty. I believe that, within reason, the Prince could marry almost any one he wished. But, as I have stated, I am certain that he will remain the Bachelor Prince and that some day he will become the Bachelor King.

In the ten years between 1919 and 1929—between his twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth birthdays—he did become the gay bachelor in fact as well as in fancy. Daytimes and early evenings he might make Empire speeches, open hospitals, unveil statues, and attend round after round of duty dinners; but when London's theaters poured out their crowds and the smart night clubs were rapidly filling up, the handsome Prince would lead some select and merry little party to his favorite club and dance until the strict police regulations closed the doors.

During the winter and spring of 1923 Paul Whiteman and his famous orchestra were making night-club history at the Grafton Galleries in London, and the Prince was often seen there. Whiteman's band, too, became the last word in exclusive entertainment at fashionable, titled homes in the wee hours of the morning. In the little circle of the ultra-smart younger set who made up the Prince's play friends it was almost the accepted thing to dance until the closing time and then bundle at least part

of the orchestra into taxis and carry on the festive evening at a private house.

At different periods the Embassy and the Kit-Cat Clubs of London had their seasons of immense popularity—partly because it was there that the Prince might be seen dancing. One or two Montmartre clubs in Paris were "made" almost overnight when it was whispered about that the Prince was enjoying their quiet hospitality.

Particularly in the first half of this decade of mirth did the Prince turn to dancing as a safety valve for his tireless energy and restless spirit. The bright talk of pretty and amusing women was a blessed relief from the boring official rôles he was called upon to play.

And he liked dancing for its own sake. I often used to see him dancing, both in London and Paris, during this period. He was quietly but obviously enjoying himself.

It was not until the war was over that women companions became more and more a necessary part of his life. In these years he had many female friends. Most of them were talented and amusing young women who would catch the fancy of any gay young man.

The Prince—quite as much because he was an appealing and humorous youth as because he was the Prince of Wales—had his share of these bright and vivid creatures. He enjoyed his merry hours with them. But always his indiscretions were discreet. And slowly he was to develop a deep and satisfying attachment to one or two women of great good sense and rare understanding.

Without the flowering of a beautiful and complete romance the Prince's life would have been warped and his full development checked. He was not to marry. He was to remain the Bachelor Prince. But life was to withhold from him only one of her treasures—the joy of fatherhood. He was to gain all the others, including the love of women.

In his relations with the opposite sex the Prince was to labor under the tremendous disadvantage of being a member of the first royal family of the period. He was constantly to be the subject of gossip, exaggeration, and willful fabrication. Of the ten thousand and one tales told about him—and often malicious tales at that—certainly no more than ten per cent were true.

Over most of the stories the Prince good-naturedly shrugs his shoulders and smiles. He has been far too long in the public's goldfish bowl to be much disturbed.

He has been reported engaged to half the royal princesses of Europe and most of the titled young women of England. He has had his dancing partners picked as his brides. He has run the gamut of Canadian débutantes and American heiresses. Buckingham Palace and Downing Street have been greatly disturbed over both rumors and facts, but the Prince has gone on doing his state job and on the side having as much fun out of life as he could.

UNTIL 1929 horses had a lot to do with the life of the Prince. Time and again he narrowly escaped death when they fell with him. For, let it be clearly understood, the Prince has never fallen off a horse.

Fifty or more horses have fallen *under* him. He has had both collar bones broken and his knees wrenched; he's been kicked squarely in the face and he has had horses turn double somersaults with him. *But he has never fallen off a horse.*

For years the public was misinformed by such headlines as THE PRINCE FALLS OFF AGAIN or THE PRINCE FALLS TWICE IN ONE RACE.

Millions over the world were led to believe that the Prince was a poor horseman. Scores of times I have heard otherwise intelligent and well informed men guffaw over how the Prince "fell off his horse." As a matter of fact he was an intrepid, fearless rider, far above the average in skill. The jumps he was constantly taking were dangerous and extremely difficult. His mounts were called upon to take at fast speed high hedges, permanent fences, blind jumps, and creeks and water holes with muddy uncertain banks. Falls were inevitable. Broken bones and narrow escapes were a part of the order of the day.

The Prince has had no more falls than *any other ardent sportsman—but when a horse fell with him it was front-page news.*

He can barely remember the first time he was put in a saddle. As a child, and later on his holidays from naval school, he was taught to ride, and ride properly. At Oxford his equerry, the gallant Major Cadogan, rode with him and taught him something of polo; but he was denied the thrill of hunting with the hounds.

It was not until the war was over and he was more or less his own master that he seriously took up the ancient and dangerous sports of fox hunting and point-to-point steeplechase racing. Along with dancing and the gay company of women, they were for ten years to furnish him the relief and thrilling excitement that his high-strung and restless system demanded.

It was in 1919 that he began buying horses for his private stable; but not until 1921 did he have time to ride regularly. On March 4 of that year he rode in his first point-to-point or steeplechase race, held by the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. At the very first fence his horse fell and he was thrown. But he caught his horse and finished the course.

Three weeks later, wearing his own colors and riding his own horse, Pet Dog, he won the Welsh Guards' Challenge cup at Hawthorne Hill, and was congratulated on the spot by his proud parents. He had had a taste of blood now. Nothing was going to stop him.

IN November, 1922, he suffered a bad fall and a sprained ankle. On the following March 1 his horse fell and he had a badly wrenched knee. Two weeks later he had his tenth bad fall. In February of the next year, while he was exercising his favorite chestnut at Billington Manor, the horse failed on a five-foot jump, breaking the Prince's shoulder. It was his first serious accident.

Six weeks later, wearing a No. 13 arm band and riding his bay gelding Little Favorite in an army point-to-point race, his horse fell at the last fence, throwing the Prince and kicking him squarely in the face. Bleeding freely and thought to be dangerously injured, he was carried on a stretcher to the nearest farmhouse. "I won't get in that thing!" he protested, trying his best to get off the stretcher. The attendants forced him back.

It was a close call. London papers printed editorials and letters of protest. But the Prince waited only until his recovery before he went ahead with his riding. His chief concern was the worry he was causing his grandmother, the gentle Dowager Queen Alexandra.

Early the following year one of his favorite mounts, Oh Dear, dropped dead under him while he was fox hunting at his own lodge at Melton Mowbray. He was unhurt.

The following day his horse went down at a hedge jump and the Prince's left collar bone snapped.

He was persistent and absolutely unafraid. Besides all the ordinary hazards of hunting and racing, he had to face the additional serious one of crowds. Unquestionably his horses were made nervous and often frightened by the applause and shouts of spectators at the bad jumps when it was known that he was out.

His family, the press, and public were still urging him to give up his dangerous sport when, in the fall of 1928, he left for his hunting trip in Africa. Then came the serious illness of the King and the Prince's dash for home. His duties and responsibilities were now doubled, and from the highest places there were requests that he give up his horses.

On February 10, 1929, the King was moved by ambulance from Buckingham Palace to the sea air of Bognor. The same papers that carried this announcement published the first story of the coming sale of the Prince's stable. A few days later he paid his final visit to Melton Mowbray to say good-by to his horses. Solemnly he watched them being exercised and then patted each. At the last moment he decided to keep Just an Idea, a mottled gelding, his oldest mount.

He paid one more surprise visit to Leicester to see his horses for the last time before the auction. He helped bed them down and went from stall to stall to give a farewell pat to each of his old friends.

On the morning of the sale the Prince, unnoticed, looked down through a second-story window above the auctioneer's box and saw his beloved hunters sold one by one—a grave and silent figure writing *finis* on one

memorable part of his life. The sale netted 4,062 guineas—$21,528 at the present rate of exchange. His favorite mare, Miss Muffet, brought $3,710—the top price of the whole sale. A brown gelding named Blackbird was knocked down at the lowest figure, $275. The crash of 1929 was still seven months off, and financially the sale was a very successful one.

There was still one dangerous sport left for him. This was flying. He had taken his first unofficial flights on the French and Italian fronts during the war. Shortly after the armistice he had induced a British pilot to stunt with him above the Rhine, and he had made one or two other quiet flights.

His own official log book—well worn and comfortably filled today—has his first official flight dated April 27, 1928. A month later Flight Lieutenant Don of the Royal Air Force piloted him over Sandringham in a Bristol fighter. Three days later another flight is noted.

A year goes by—a busy year that included the Prince's interrupted African hunting trip and his dash home—before there is a record of another flight. Then he flew with Don from Hendon, near London, to Cardington, to inspect the airship H 101, the same that was soon to meet with disaster in France.

Soon he bought his first private machine, a De Haviland Moth. On that date his log carries the laconic line: "Hit a ridge landing." Later in the day, with Don at the controls, he flew the Channel. A week later he flew back. Then he bought a second Moth. The papers of the world were filled with tales of how he was flying his own plane and was quickly becoming an expert pilot.

THESE reports had about as much truth in them as most rumors that have been circulated about him.

The Prince has never really become a pilot.

With dual controls in most of his ships, he would now and again take over the joy stick; but after his first enthusiasm for the air he gave up any idea of really being his own pilot. Nevertheless he flew almost every day. Often he would have his pilot stunt for him, and there is a record in his log book of a fifteen-minute flight over Northolt when he flew unaided.

He was deeply interested now. He went up in the Silver Torpedo just before it started on its fatal nonstop attempt to reach the Cape.

During 1930 and '31 he had many memorable flights. On his second big-game hunt in Africa he flew over hundreds of square miles where any mishap would have meant almost certain death. On the way home he flew long distances swiftly. From Assam he flew to Cairo in four and one half hours. It was late that same day that his pilot, returning up the Nile, was killed and the plane completely destroyed.

On his last trip to South America he took along his own Moth and his new pilot, Flight Lieutenant Fielden—who still acts as his private pilot.

Today the Prince has a stable of two private planes, which he uses as many business men use their motor cars. They are kept in his own hangar at Smith's Lawn, near his country residence in Windsor Great Park.

He is air-minded and fully sold on air travel, but he has lost all interest in ever becoming an expert pilot. The same thing is true in regard to his own fleet of motor cars. There was a time when he took a keen delight in driving. But today he is content to let his chauffeur take the responsibility of getting him safely to his destination. Once, however, during his visit to India, this responsibility was exceptionally grave and was not limited to a chauffeur.

For ages the Khyber Pass has been the gateway that led from wild Afghanistan and Central Asia to the rich and unprotected gardens of India. Even today it is a constant source of trouble and worry. Of all India's dangerous Northwest Frontier it is the high point of friction and fear.

The year before the Prince's visit I traveled through it by car. On my knees I held an automatic pistol. It was only a gesture, because it is always simple for the keen-eyed mountain tribesmen, hiding in the brush behind overhanging cliffs and rocks, to pick off with their forbidden rifles men in motor cars in the dusty roads below.

The day the Prince crossed he took long chances with death, because many of these tribesmen have always been bitterly opposed to the British rule. The day before he had looked death squarely in the face. At Peshawar tribesmen had vowed they would attack the city while he was there. Death crouched in the crowded sections of the city and danger was everywhere.

AT an official show in the native city there had been jeers, and the Chief Commissioner of the Northwest Frontier Province, Sir John Maffey, had transferred the Prince from a horse-drawn open carriage to a motor car and had him swished to his residence by devious ways and back streets. The Prince demanded to know why. The harassed Commissioner explained.

"These people will think I am a coward!" the Prince said angrily. "You had no right to do this."

"But I am entirely responsible for your personal safety, sir," the Chief Commissioner urged.

"I won't have it," the Prince de-

Announcing . . .

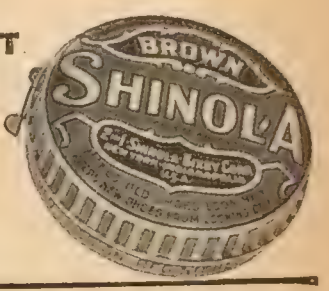
SHINOLA POLISHES FOR THE NEW FALL COLORED SHOE STYLES

Fashion decrees that shoes shall be colored this fall. Browns and grays . . . blues and greens . . . are increasingly popular. Now you can guard the beauty of these colorful leathers by cleaning and polishing with SHINOLA SHOE POLISH. Shinola—cream or paste—can be used on all leathers except suede. Use Tan, Ox-Blood or Brown for all brown shoes...Neutral for all other colors.

SHINOLA
IN ALL COLORS

THERE'S A SHINOLA PRODUCT IN ALL FORMS FOR ANY SHOE

10¢ at all stores



cleared. " I'm not afraid of these people. No one is ever going to call me a coward."

His whole Indian trip was proof that he was not. India was seething with unrest and revolt and there was grave fear for his life. But he insisted that there be no postponement.

On the very day of his arrival in Bombay there was rioting and trouble. Unmoved, he went about his business of the official greetings and responses. That night he sent a joking cable to his father. It read:

ARRIVED SAFELY FINE TRIP GREAT RECEPTION ONLY FOUR HUNDRED KILLED AND WOUNDED

At a race meet he sent chills through his party by jumping down from the royal box and making his way straight through the dense throng toward the paddocks.

His Indian journey safely completed, he pushed off for a tour of Japan with a short visit to Manila and the Philippines. At Manila the late General Leonard Wood was his host. One afternoon in a polo game, playing with one of the United States Army teams, he received a nasty cut over the eye from a hard-driven ball.

" It isn't anything," he insisted when they took him off his pony. " Let me go on with the game."

Blood was gushing from the wound above his eye and a doctor was called to stitch up the cut. The dinner at the beautiful Palace of the Governor-General was canceled that night. It had been more of a wound than the Prince had tried to make it out. (Three years later on Long Island he was to receive a second wound while playing polo with Americans. This time a clod of dirt struck him squarely in the right eye, putting him *hors de combat* for two or three days.)

His Indian adventures had followed his trip to Australia and New Zealand. He was a few months under twenty-six when he embarked on this long voyage. War-debt payment was not quite the bitter subject then that it is at present, but it was popping its head up now and again in a most embarrassing fashion. At the British colony of Barbados, his first stop, he took a healthy swing at one phase of this difficult question.

Some enthusiastic United States senator had suggested that England deed the United States the British West Indies in payment of the war debt.

The night of the Prince's arrival there was a formal dinner. " I need hardly say," he solemnly pronounced, " that the King's subjects are not for sale to other governments. Their destiny as free men is in their own hands. Your future is for yourself to shape."

Two days later his ship, the battle cruiser Renown, made its way through the Panama Canal. At Panama City he went ashore for a dinner and ball. It was obvious that he was especially enjoying his dances with a very pretty young woman. He had singled her out from scores of attractive girls and had asked to be introduced to her. She was a slender brunette—and brunettes are the Prince's favorites. In the intermissions they had sat or strolled together.

Finally the young women whose parents were the élite of the city and the American garrison could stand it no longer. One of them, dancing with an aide of the Prince, whispered that the girl in question worked in a drug store and really had no business at the dance.

When the aide relayed the information, the Prince gave him a cold look out of his blue eyes.

" An assistant in a drug store," he repeated. " Well, it must be a first-rate chemist's shop, at that."

Totally disregarding the suggestion, he had the next dance with the working girl. After that he went ahead with his " duty " dances.

OVER the world there are dozens of young women who hold as their most priceless memory a dance or an unconventional moment or two they had with this heir to a throne, who chose them not because they were highly placed and well born but simply because they were winsome and charming and had appealed to him for their own sake. Often it would be some twinkling eye or pretty figure that would catch his fancy, but again it might be only a pathetic look of failure and hopelessness—a wistful longing to be with smarter and richer girls—that awakened an instantaneous sympathy in his heart.

Several years after this incident in Panama, at a dance at Port Elizabeth during his South African tour, he happened to notice a rather forlorn little creature standing among a group of wallflowers. She was distinctly an outsider and the Prince walked over to her.

" Aren't you dancing tonight? " he asked.

Blushing, the girl shook her head. " I haven't danced yet, Your Royal Highness. I know very few people here."

" Don't you live here? "

" No, sir. You see, I'm playing in the little theatrical company that's visiting here."

The Prince looked at her again. " That's interesting. How long have you been on the stage? "

" Since I was seven, sir."

" It must be fun. You enjoy the life, don't you? "

She bravely smiled. " Yes, sir; but it gets awfully tiresome—always moving about, with no regular home."

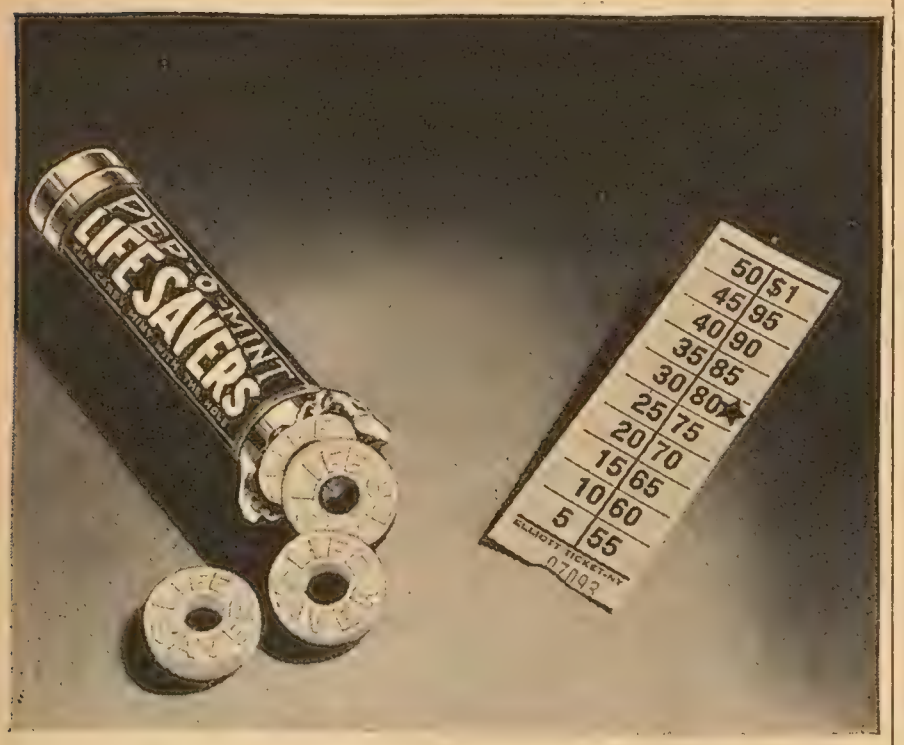
" Well, I can sympathize with you. You know, I'm sort of an actor myself. People are always looking at me." Then with disarming friendliness he said, " Wouldn't you like to dance? "

Beaming with happiness, she made a tiny curtsy and then gracefully swept across the floor with him. After a long encore he led her back to her chair and thanked her. " If it will help you any in your work, you have my permission to say that you are under the patronage of the Prince of Wales," he told her.

It was by just such generous and human little gestures that the Prince really won the heart of the world.

To an unbelievable degree this Prince can fit himself into the mood of the necessity of the moment. Let there be no misunderstanding: he can be a gay and dashing cavalier. It would be a strange young woman whom he could not charm if he set his mind to it. He can be gay and amusing as any one. He is a splendid story-teller. He can sing and in those days he could play two or three stringed instruments. He would have been immensely popular if he had been merely Edward Windsor.

A HUNCH AFTER LUNCH
LIFE SAVERS!



Settle your lunch when you settle your check. A couple of these minty rings of candy will lay down the law to the *biggest lunch!*

ASK FOR THE PEPPIEST MINT . . . PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

Just as in the war days in France, he was happiest now when he was accepted not as the Prince but as an ordinary man, subject to the ordinary rules and regulations.

On this first trip "down under" he was put through the entire horseplay ritual of the Royal Order of the Equatorial Bath—a privilege and a necessity for all those who for the first time cross the equator on a British man-of-war. It includes a mock shave with a huge wooden razor and three hearty duckings in a tank.

The Prince was given the works—the whole ritual. Choking with sea water and laughter, he crawled out of the tank and then applauded while the uninitiated of his staff and of the crew fared likewise. On a subsequent voyage he was to be the official barber and manage the bucket of lather and the razor.

One night in Africa, during his hunt, his beloved friend and companion, the one-armed Brigadier General Trotter, lay sick unto death, having collapsed with heart trouble.

All night the Prince sat by his side. "He is my best and oldest friend," he said with tears showing in his eyes. "If anything happens to him I shall never forgive myself. I shall cancel my trip and return to England at once." And he would not leave until a doctor arrived and reassured him about his old friend.

It was at the end of a November day in 1928 on this same hunting trip that native runners brought a cablegram to the Prince's camp, far back in the interior of East Africa. The King was ill—just how ill it was impossible to say.

"We'd better start for Dodoma at once, and then I'll decide what I'll do," the Prince announced. The cable had not advised him to return immediately but the message was disturbing.

Immediately a motor car was prepared for the rough journey over the wild jungle trails that passed for roads. It was a hundred miles to the tiny settlement of Dodoma in Tanganyika, and an additional two hundred and fifty miles by railway to the coast. Back in the elephant country the Prince had received by native messengers several wires about the illness of his father, but at first none of them had been alarming. Then came this last cable and he decided at once that he would get back to a railhead.

At Dodoma a dozen white settlers and traders gathered in the evening to give the Prince a dance and party. A gramophone furnished the music and the Prince gallantly hid his worry and fears and gayly danced and chatted with his four or five women hostesses.

THE telegraph operator from the railway station hurried up with a message for him. Quietly he read it, and then stepped outside. Alone under the low-hanging stars he made his decision.

The King had taken a turn for the worse. Pleurisy had set in. The cable had been signed by the Prime Minister, but the final decision as to his return had been left to the Prince himself.

Two days before, the authorities on the coast had ordered his private train held in Dodoma. At once he announced that he would leave as soon as the train was prepared. Shortly before midnight he climbed aboard his own car and the special slowly got under way.

All that night the reflection of great fires along the track shone through the windows of the Prince's cabin and time and again he was awakened by the shouting of groups of natives. The next morning he asked the government interpreter what it was they had called out.

The official hesitated and then answered: "The 'grapevine telegraph' had passed the word that 'the old King' was dead. They were cheering 'the new King,' sir."

The Prince made no comment. Possibly at this moment he might be "the new King." In any event, vastly increased responsibilities would inevitably come to him.

He had just boarded the cruiser Enterprise when he received a message from London that contained most alarming news of the King's condition.

Up the East African coast, across the Gulf of Aden, through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal and then the Mediterranean, plowed the powerful ship. At Brindisi on the Italian Adriatic coast a special train, with the highly capable Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince's private secretary, on board, lay alongside the wharf. The tracks across half of Europe were cleared. At an average speed of fifty miles an hour, including all stops, the 1,322 miles from Brindisi to Boulogne on the English Channel were clicked off.

It was seventeen minutes past ten at night when he arrived in London at Victoria Station. The Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, had met him at Folkestone, and here at the station was the Duke of York. Quietly the Prince shook hands with his brother. A crowd had gathered but was silent. The two brothers and the Premier walked out of the station to their waiting cars.

The streets were lined with silent people and at Buckingham Palace a great throng was gathered around the gate. Quietly the Prince's car swung in and drew up at the main entrance.

His mother was awaiting him at the top of the grand stairway. She took this eldest son of hers in her arms and gently kissed him. He asked one or two questions about his father and then talked with the two personal physicians. A moment later, alone except for his mother, he entered the bedroom of the stricken King.

With both hands he took the thin white hand of his father, who whispered, "I am glad to see you, David."

Then a wan smile spread over the bearded face of the gentle King. "Did you kill any lions?" he questioned.

The Prince laughed. "One big one, father. I'm going to give you the skin."

"Thanks, my boy," the King whispered.

It was not a King meeting a Prince.

It was a father who had passed through the Valley of the Shadow welcoming home his dearly beloved son.

What sort of King will the Prince of Wales make? What will he do? How much power will he wield? Will he be "the Socialist King"? How will his reign affect Anglo-American relations? Who will succeed him on the throne? Meanwhile, what share has he in business of state, and how large is his personal income? Vital questions—which Mr. Hunt will answer definitely in next week's, the concluding installment of this series.

The ONLY WAY

by ROSAMOND DuJARDIN

A Short Short Story

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MISS BARLOW, who was Mr. Tate's private secretary, paused beside Judy Allister, and Judy glanced up inquiringly from the form letter she was typing.

"Mr. Tate wants to see you."

Wondering, Judy followed her. In Miss Barlow's office she waited while the secretary went on into the inner sanctum. In a moment she returned.

"He has a long-distance call. Wait, please."

Judy sat down on the chair indicated, and Miss Barlow sat down at her desk.

The whole proceeding seemed rather strange to Judy. At Tate & Howard's, routine was everything. And it was certainly a violation of routine to call a girl away from her work on a busy Monday morning. Judy was aware of a dull sense of resentment. She had counted on keeping busy. If she worked hard enough, she couldn't think. To think at all was to think of Mac, who would be leaving in two more hours.

She still couldn't believe it. Mac going—after the things they had planned, the dreams they had dreamed. Planning and dreaming that went back too far and down too deep to be lightly discarded. Judy was thankful for the numbness that had gripped her since last night. When she stopped feeling numb, when she actually began to realize— Her mouth twisted a little and she clenched her hands together hard.

Carefully she concentrated upon Miss Barlow, on the sleek fair waves of her hair, on her beautifully manicured hands. On the third left finger a square-cut diamond winked and glittered. Miss Barlow was to be married soon; it was common office gossip. Lucky Miss Barlow!

Judy could hear again Mac's voice saying levelly, "This is good-by, Judy. I won't keep you tied to me any longer. You've been a swell sport—but we can't go on like this."

She loved him. And now he was going away. He had lost his job and she had been fortunate enough to keep hers. She couldn't help having sufficient money, and Mac couldn't help being dependent on his family, who had so little, for his very existence.

Once Mac would have been able to see it that way. But he had changed. Being without work almost two years was bound to change a man. At least Mac hadn't grown sullen. Nor was he complacent, like others Judy knew about. Mac had never taken a cent from her, although once she had offered. She shivered, remembering the way he had looked at her then. Mac wouldn't so much as let her pay her share of the expenses of a date, half the price of a movie, half the dinner check. They hadn't gone to the movies for ages now. Nor to dinner. Judy could scarcely persuade him to dine at her apartment any more. There was his stiff, unbending pride. Mac was Mac, and she loved him. But everything was over. How could she keep forgetting that?

She wished Mr. Tate would hurry so she could get back once more to her work. What could he want, anyway? Maybe—maybe she was going to lose her job! Four girls had been laid off already, and still the stenographic department wasn't particularly busy.

If that were it, there would be a certain tart irony about it, the sort of irony fate was given to. Judy would lose her job just when Mac got one. Mac again. If she couldn't shut him out of her thoughts now, how was it going to be later? If only she didn't love him so terribly, so completely. If only her life weren't utterly bound up in his!

She had argued with him last night. She had even pleaded, for Judy wasn't proud. But she couldn't move him.

He had asked, "What kind of a heel do you think I am? This job in my uncle's bank—it's a joke, Judy. Do you know what the population of Georgetown is? Eleven hundred. Do you realize my salary won't be quite two thirds what you're making? You think I'd let you give up your job, your nice apartment, your good clothes—for that? Even if you are willing now—you'd hate me later. No, Judy. When I leave for Georgetown it'll be a clean break. We're through. It's the only way."

But if she lost her job . . . The buzzer on Miss Barlow's desk sounded startlingly clear in the stillness.

"You may go in now."

ROSAMOND DuJARDIN

wrote two short short stories a week for the Chicago Daily News for several years and the regular production of a certain quantity of fiction every day has become almost a habit. She lives in a Chicago suburb but has an office where she does her writing every morning.

HAVING made careful inquiries, Judy waited beside Gate No. 3, and presently Mac came along. At sight of her his eyes lit up--and dulled again.

He said gently, "You shouldn't have come. It only makes it harder."

But he pulled her a little aside out of the hurrying throng, and they stood there looking at each other, unaware of the smoke and the crowds and the noise.

"I had to tell you good-by."

Mac kissed her. The grip of his arms was crushing but Judy gloried in it. And now there was something else she must tell him, too.

When she had finished, Mac repeated incredulously, "Fired!"

"I'll be all right," Judy assured him. "I've got enough money to last a few weeks, and surely— But, Mac, now I understand how you must have felt. Sort of lost and uncertain—and scared—"

Mac said, "Darling!" He was—why, he was like the old Mac again, confident, hopeful, eager! He said carefully, "Listen. There's another train at seven tonight. You can be ready, can't you? We'll have to get married before then, too--but that doesn't take long."

Judy repeated it a trifle unsteadily: "M-married?"

"Of course. Think I'd leave you here alone, out of work, with no one to look after you? There's no use arguing. Come on!"

Judy came. She really hadn't the remotest intention of arguing. It would be silly in view of the fact that she had turned down the position of private secretary for just this chance. Her only regret was that she could never share with Mac the absurd memory of Mr. Tate's face when she told him she was leaving.

THE END

LIBERTY'S EDUCATIONAL GAME OF POSTAGE STAMPS

$2,000 IN CASH PRIZES

THE 223 CASH PRIZES	
FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

YOU CAN WIN!

THE reproductions at the base of this page are the fourth in the Liberty Stamp Game series. If you are already a competitor you probably are studying the stamps instead of reading these words. If you have not started an entry, do so now. You need no special philatelic knowledge to win. The novice has equal opportunity with the expert stamp collector. A little research in readily available books will assist you amazingly in this competition. The main point involved is to name the countries by which the various stamps were issued. Then tell which of the countries represented you would rather visit, and why.

HOW TO GET THE FIRST THREE SETS

If you failed to get started during the first three weeks of this game and have mislaid your copies of those issues of Liberty, reprints of the contest material will be sent to you gratis upon written application to the contest address in Rule 5. When this material is received you can bring your entry up to date.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish photographs of a number of postage stamps issued by foreign countries. On each stamp the name of the country of issue will be blotted out, and the object of the game is to determine the countries by which the various stamps were issued.

2. Cash prizes as listed in the schedule on this page will be awarded to the 223 entries which most accurately identify the countries by which the stamps were issued and accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words telling "Which country of those represented in the contest I would rather visit, and why."

3. The most accurately identified set of stamps accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of interest, originality, plausibility, and neatness.

4. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

5. Write or type the name of the country of issue in the space provided beneath each stamp. Carefully executed tracings of the stamps are acceptable. Hold all of your identifications until you have the complete set of ten groups. Write or type your name and address plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them, together with your message, to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is a needless expense and will have no influence upon your being awarded a prize.

7. All entries must be received not later than Wednesday, December 26, which is the closing date of this contest.

8. The Contest Board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding entries.

THIS IS GROUP 4

SET NO. 5 OF THIS EDUCATIONAL CONTEST WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

TO THE LADIES!

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer, and Authority on Fashion

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

POISON is this man's meat. He's a professional toxicologist. Dr. Alexander Oscar Gettler studies poisons in his laboratory, gives expert testimony at murder trials, and works out safeguards against poison danger in certain industrial fields.

I asked him about the deadly tinctures used by Lucrezia Borgia and other wicked women of old romance.

"Ancient poisons," he said, "are the common ones of today—arsenic, strychnine, hemlock, etc. For their notorious poison rings the Borgias probably used snake virus. A sharp point inside the ring scratched the wearer's finger and let the poison enter directly into the blood stream."

Oriental poisons are generally alkaloids, Dr. Gettler said, but it is his opinion that many of their *magic death* cases can be attributed to rotten fish. A native has a sore on his foot. He steps on a dead fish. Blood poison. He dies. *Magic!*

One drop of pure nicotine, Dr. Gettler told me, would be more than enough to kill any human being. "Yet I smoke fifteen cigars a day," he added, "so you can see for yourself that it takes an awful amount of smoking to poison a man."

Dr. Gettler gave me two important rules for household safety.

Never refill old bottles with new contents. Have always on hand a first-aid antidote: 2 parts pulverized charcoal, 1 part magnesium oxide, 1 part tannic acid. Administer 1 heaping teaspoonful in a small glass of warm water.

MIRACLE.

I know a woman who has a fascinating husband—*and* a sense of humor.

At an evening party a girl came to her practically in sobs. The girl pointed to where the attractive husband sat talking with another girl. The tearful maiden exclaimed to the wife:

"I heard him! He's telling *that one* the same nice things he said to me!"

Soothingly the wife replied: "I'm sure he doesn't mean a word of it. Not with that one. Why, just look at her—she isn't half as pretty as you are."

The girl was comforted.

And there's philosophy for you. A wife consoling one of her handsome husband's admirers because he is flirting with another!

INSPIRED perhaps by theater lobbies, our fashionable decorators now have launched a vogue for portrait photographs of giant size.

The big pictures, framed modernistically in chromium, are fixed to one side of a double panel that stands on the floor like a screen.

The other half of the screen is a blue mirror, the portrait being there reflected in the glass darkly. This artful arrangement certainly has the virtue of originality, but won't be much of a help, I fear, to those among us who get nervous in the same room with a huge blue face.

DR. ALEXANDER O. GETTLER

FROM my notebook souvenirs of a recent visit to Detroit:

Fine residential streets in the golden gloaming of autumn foliage. . . . Detroiters eat lots of frogs' legs. . . . The indomitable rhythm of a great automobile factory. . . . Cars from a dozen distant states parked outside Father Coughlin's little brown church. . . . The pleasure of an old-fashioned "musical evening" at a private home. . . . Excellent Detroit custom of serving cottage cheese with almost every meal (Californians do this too). . . . Driving out of a moonlit night into a thunderstorm—the moon so pale against the livid glare of the lightning. . . . Schoolboy Rowe still the talk of the town. . . . Handsome bronze walls of Lou Maxon's vaulted office. . . . Spiced pineapple relish at the Dearborn Inn. . . . My hotel suite ablaze with ten-inch dahlias of gorgeous sunset hue. . . . Realizing how *much* too long my name is as I sign autograph albums for cheerful young ladies at the Flint Industrial Club.

HOW the girls are antique-shopping for those long-forgotten seals that stamp a heart or a dove into the sealing wax! Very Victorian! And it's smart to use wax in the pastel shades.

READ Charles Harris Whitaker's entertaining book, Rameses to Rockefeller. It will get you excited about architecture. (Published by Random House.)

YODEL an Alpine greeting—*oooly oooly ay*—to the newest suit trick for this winter. The foundation is a dress of heavy gray-brown corduroy wool with top and full-shaped sleeves of uncut velvet in emerald green. Over the dress goes a three-quarter coat of the corduroy, waist nipped in, skirt flaring. Sleeves and collar are picturesque, the upper part of the sleeve being slashed so that a generous puff of green velvet shows through. On mild days the collar crosses over in a halter effect, but when cold winds blow it drops down and becomes a snug little cape. Add a large green pocketbook, a brown Tyrolean hat with a long green feather.

A GIRL of Spanish descent, brought up here in this country and living now in a Mid-Western town, complains to me that the boys think she must be *exotic* just because she is dark and Latin to look at. "I wish they would learn," she says, "that I am not that way at all. If they had any sense they could see plenty of their blonde Nordic girls who are much hotter stuff than I am."

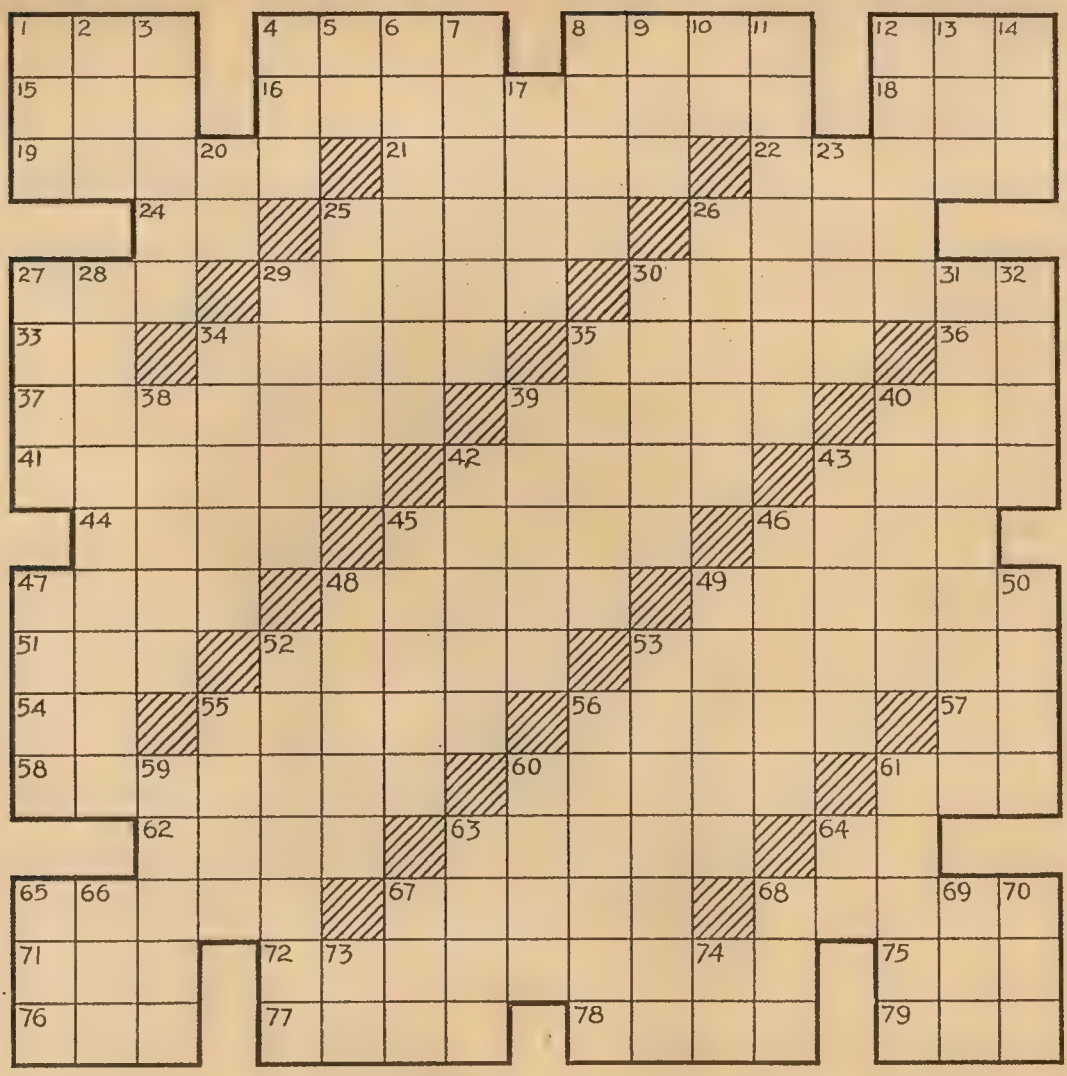
Race ignorance again! It will take many a year, I'm afraid, for some of us to find out that all races contain all kinds of temperaments.

HYPOCHONDRIA afflicts the son of a certain Hollywood magnate. Sonny bought an ice-cream soda for a pretty girl. She drank it through a straw. "Why the straw?" asked Sonny.

"Don't you know about trench mouth?" said she.

He was in bed next day—attended by two specialists.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Likely
4 Frightens
8 Any plane surface
12 Large
15 Distant
16 Placing in a central position
18 Anger
19 Exchange
21 Acted irrationally
22 Arm of the sea
24 River in Italy
25 Confines
26 Male of the red deer
27 Form of to be
29 Boxes or stalls
30 Persons of long experience
33 One indefinitely
34 Becomes withered
35 Ejects
36 Exclamation
37 Broke suddenly
39 Steps over a fence
40 Self
41 Enrolled
42 An alloy
43 Slide
44 Tiara (poetic)
45 Peels
46 Slender
47 Spirited
48 Damp
49 Dishes
51 Corroded
52 A purgative medicine
53 Three-pronged spear
54 One of the United States (abbr.)
55 Healthier
56 Set of bells
57 Toward
58 Those who show trained skill

HALLOWEEN SPOOK
ARE BELLE CHILI
ROVER IMP ADEN
EMETIC COAST DOG
MARCELS LOGROF
NATS SALAMI
SOBS MEWS DUMAS
AIRED PALS BATH
LLAMAS POLO
E II TO PUMPKIN
SUN BARE MARINE
TL DEBATE RANDS
ACTOR TALC IDES
LEERY EPOCHS NU
KRAAL SEDIMENTS

Answer to last week's puzzle

60 Slip
61 Serpent
62 Gift of charity
63 Range in a row
64 Over and in contact
65 Combining form: divided
67 A town in North Carolina
68 Bear patiently
71 Consume
72 Nudity
75 Moral error
76 Measures of area
77 Dash
78 A plant
79 Terminus

VERTICAL

1 Near the stern
2 Equality of value
3 Snares
4 Playing card
5 Pronoun
6 Violently angry
7 Platforms
8 Greek god of war
9 Cause to be quit of
10 Type measure
11 Stir up
12 Region of a ship
13 Ill temper
14 Procure
17 Evenings
20 Note of the scale
23 Horses
25 Removed the heart of
26 Motionless
27 Stinging insect
28 Commentator
29 One with leprosy
30 Inspects secretly
31 Military unit (pl.)
32 Store
34 Render oblique
35 Charger
38 Woman's name
39 Narrow piece
40 Select class
42 Philippine province
43 Sole of a plow
45 Whimpers
46 Muck
47 An incarnation of Vishnu
48 Stops
49 Lofty self-respect
50 Cease
52 A flower
53 Slimmer
55 Part of a sword
56 A dependent
59 Pieces of pastry
60 A vehicle
61 Aromatic seed
63 Solar disk in Egyptian mythology
64 Siberian river
65 Edible seed
66 River in Switzerland
67 A weight in Turkey
68 Peer Gynt's mother
69 Noise
70 Termination
73 An element (symbol)
74 Japanese measure

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

When their heads are stuffed up!

When the family has a cold, Mistol Drops give quick, soothing relief. Nothing helps a cold more than rest and sleep but you can't sleep when your head is stuffed up, and you don't enjoy your food when you can't smell and taste.

If you want to have your head clear, enjoy your food and sleep peacefully, just buy a bottle of Mistol, put a few drops in each nostril and see how much better you feel immediately.

The nice part about Mistol is that it is so easy to use, is not messy and unlike many other products it contains no irritating ingredients and does not sting.

Use Mistol Drops for Children and Grown-ups — They All Like It!

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NUJOL

Modern Lady

Never to See Him Again—Is It True that All's Fair in Love?—A Poignant Novel Reaches a New, Dramatic Climax

READING TIME

30 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"I've been wiped out," he told her. "They didn't notify me," she flared.

by GRACE

PART NINE—"THE LOWEST TRICK IN THE WORLD"

LUCKY in business, unlucky in love is an adage which has dogged the struggling footsteps of Jane McAm throughout her brilliant young life. Desperately she has sought to balance the two—to fit in her business career with one of love. But her efforts have only dashed her heart, and almost her mind, against man's traditional decree that a woman's place is in the home.

In 1910, when this story begins, Jane, a frail red-haired girl of seventeen, is the sole breadwinner of her family. Her father, Teddy, is a lifer in prison; her mother, Nell, is a fractious invalid, and there are three younger children, Marion, Dick, and Toby. Business success first comes to Jane in a minor way almost immediately. She manages to sell a tract of sand owned by Tom Leeds, a wealthy young clubman, and through this achievement gets a job in Edgar Holloway's real estate office in New Rochelle. At the same time, however, she meets her first defeat in love. Rudy West, her childhood sweetheart, helped her market the sand, and though her old love for him is revived with this association, he becomes engaged to Nina Norris.

Jane moves upward rapidly in the real estate business, and after the World War establishes herself as the Great I McAm with elaborate offices in New York City. Rudy, his romance with Nina shattered, has been gassed in the war and returns from an engineering exploit abroad with his health badly impaired. Her love for him still predominates, even over the entreaties of Dr. Hamilton Sheppard, a prominent young New York surgeon who loves her, and at Rudy's eager importunings, Jane marries him overnight. She does not reckon, in her delirium of happiness, on the effect her marriage may have upon her career, but the question comes up, even within the week of their honeymoon, with disastrous results.

Rudy, with only his engineer's salary, insists that Jane sell out her vast real estate business, from which she is drawing $2,500 a week, and confine herself to the more fitting work for a woman, in his belief, of making a home for him. A heated argument follows, and she hears herself crying out at him that her career offers her more security than the uncertainties of modern-day marriage. Rudy leaves her, but an accident to him reconciles them, and they go to his apartment in New York.

We now find them discussing the possibilities of having a baby to further seal their love.

"I'D rather adopt a child and forget having one," Rudy said. "If anything happened to you, Jane, my world would be shot to hell. I'm not strong-minded about you any longer. Anything you want goes—if only you'll always love me and never leave me."

His head was on her shoulder, his face nuzzling her neck, his big hands strong and hard on her bare back. Never had she seen Rudy in such a wave of human need, of weakness bordering on fear. Her heart flooded with tenderness.

Almost in that second she spotted the first gray she had noticed in his hair, and she got up swiftly for fear he would guess the queer little shock it gave her. In silence he poured fresh drinks. Then he paced up and down, strok-

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

PERKINS

ing the back of his head with that nervous intense gesture of his.

"I feel so damn' useless at this job, Jane. . . . I can't function. . . . I try to tell myself I'm well off. I know I'm well off, but I still don't like it."

"It's a tide-over, Rudy. It's a good connection until you look the field over."

"Hell! I have looked it over. And it's looked me over. Nobody wants me. I don't fit. Know where I belong? I belong out at the Colorado Dam. I belong with the bunch that has gone to Muscle Shoals right now. I belong with the crowd that's going to Assyria for three years. Hell, I'm an expert! Parked in dead storage. Is it my fault I got bitten up during the war?"

"What good does it do to storm about it, dear?" She shook her head ruefully. "Of course it isn't your fault. I have felt the same way for years about having a baby. Every kind of woman I see can have a baby and no more nonsense. Is it my fault I grew up undernourished and puny? No!"

He stopped short in his pacing and stared at her.

"You found the answer," he nodded. "You're going to do it anyway. You're going to have a try—your own way. Well, so am I!"

He put down his glass with a bang and laughed. "I don't care if I don't last a year. I'm going back to my own work!"

He stopped, aware of her terror, of her hand pressed against her heart.

"Rudy—you wouldn't do that to me? My God, if something happened to you, I—"

He bent over her chair, his eyes on a level with hers.

"Jane," he whispered, "we can't either of us pass up the only thing worth while, the one thing we want in life—just because we're cowards for each other."

She shook her head in obedient agreement, not trusting herself to speak.

"We've got to go after what's best in life for each of us," he urged, "whatever the cost."

"You won't—leave me?"

"Won't you come with me?"

"But, Rudy, I must be near the best doctor—the best—"

He laughed in utter relief.

"God, child, I wouldn't go before then. Do you suppose I'd risk a thing like that? I'll be lucky if I land me a good hook-up by then. Even if I did, nothing could budge me from your side until I know you're safe and sound. Jane, why are you crying?"

She turned away, wiping her eyes with nervous dabs of her handkerchief.

"Jane—his nibs wants to announce supper, but he's embarrassed. I happen to know we're having lobster."

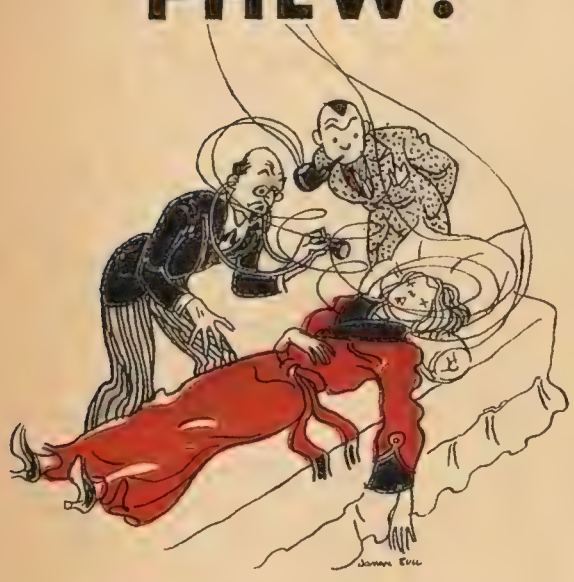
She turned, smiling, and put her arm through his.

Rudy talked of little except his determination to go back into the field. Only Moffin praised and applauded and believed. The eyes of most of the others lit with a gleam of approval and admiration, but when it came to cases they seemed hesitant. Nearly a dozen years now since Rudy had actually faced the rigors of an engineering camp. Nearly a dozen years, and many of their ways and tricks had changed. Besides, with eight out of every ten doctors disapproving, it was rather like murder to send a fellow out, y'know, who hadn't much of a chance of lasting the job through—much less of coming back.

Moffin went to the bat for him; risked his own standing to fight it out with his firm. And they listened.

By the end of September they sent Rudy to Colorado. A minor job for him, and under a man who held a grudge against him. But he was to try it for two months.

"FOR HOURS, DOC, SHE'S ONLY SAID 'PHEW!'"



HER husband feared it was an attack of her old asthma, but the eminent M. D. correctly diagnosed the trouble as "Gas-ma"—overpowering smoke-clouds from a long-neglected pipe and grouchy tobacco. The best tobacco in the world is unhappy in an unclean pipe, and hubby's was far from the best.

Clean out the old pipe, friend. Pack it with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. Then puff away and watch your Sweet Mama smile again. Sir Walter Raleigh has a mildness that wins you, and a delicate fragrance that wins others. Sales of this choice Kentucky Burley blend have boomed because it really *has* the mildness mankind is searching for. Try a tin ...will ya, man?

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-411

How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later— Your Favorite Tobacco"

Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Letting him go, Jane felt something die—some part of her that had lived surely and breathed easily. She couldn't bear it. If he made good—what would become of their lives? She would be supposed to go with him—years at a stretch in some God-awful jungle, some ice-bitten chunk of the map, China maybe, Malay, Siam. . . . God, how awful! She could not even use the argument of a child, for evidently women not only brought up children in such pestholes but actually gave birth to them in the midst of such surroundings.

If she refused he would leave her. Perhaps with a child there would be a chance of holding him. But if he stayed he would hate her for making him stay, and their marriage wouldn't last long.

In the meantime she was being wise. Knowing Rudy, she was not objecting. Every other night when he phoned, she said the things he wanted to hear. Giving him rope. Letting him try his poor clipped wings that he was forcing to fly too high. Only two months. And maybe those two months would decide it for her—before she was forced to declare herself.

But before those two months were up the world shook. The smoking fire-spitting volcano that was Wall Street roared with a mighty eruption, and down over its sides poured the lava of loss, burying beneath its mad onrush the cities of dreams, the temples of profit, the screaming terrified sweating people who had lived in its shadow. Every one Jane knew was frantically appealing to her—her family, far relatives, friends, her own office force.

And into the midst of this nightmare walked Rudy. Whom she had phoned only a minute ago, it seemed, and for whom she had sent a check for twelve thousand to cover his margin.

Eleven at night, but she was still in her office, the ticker tape running slowly after having been for ten hours silenced.

She knew when he walked in that he had lost everything. He stood blinking in the light as if he had waked from a long sleep. She went to him with a cry of gladness, kissing him, holding him close. Edgar put a glass into his hand, and Rudy drank gratefully, shaking his head as if to clear it.

THEY went into her office.

"I'm wiped out," he told her. "They sold me out."

"They didn't notify me!" she flared.

"They didn't have time. They tried to get you but couldn't. Orders were orders."

"I don't think more margin would have helped any," she said after a pause. "Everything's going. Nothing can stop it. Nothing." She put her hand on his head. She was terribly afraid he was going to cry. "You're all done up." After a while she said, "Have you come back for good?"

"No. I flew in at four. I have to be back tomorrow." He poured his own drink now and a mean one. "I was lucky I could get away. A lot of good it did me. But I would have been sure I could have saved—something, Jane, something."

She studied him. He was thinner. His hands were scratched and bruised, he seemed slightly rumpled and shabby, and his eyes were sunken.

"And you, Jane?" He looked at her suddenly.

"I don't know. I can't figure out what I've lost or where I stand."

"But you haven't gone under?"

She shrugged. His eyes stared beyond and she wished suddenly she had lost her shirt.

HE tried a smile.

"Are you feeling all right, Jane?"

She nodded.

"And you? How is it working out out there? I mean truly?"

"I don't want to talk about it. I'm a ninth wheel there. They made me a place, that's all. I'll go back and finish out the time, because it was damn' nice of them to have me. It's not my party. But I've learned a lot. I've learned mostly how much I don't know. I don't want to talk about it."

He really smiled now, got up and stretched.

"Take me home, Jane," he said.

It was absurd to go home. They had barely two hours there before they drove back to the plane that left at dawn. But those two hours at West Wind meant more than she realized at the time. Often she recalled the way he had looked about each room; the way they had eaten in the kitchen together, the way he obviously dreaded leaving.

He came back at Thanksgiving with a deep-seated bronchial cold. Torn between sympathy and smothered triumph, she welcomed him, nursed him, petted him. But the cold lingered on, rooted in the heavy discouragement that was weighing on him and from which even Moffin couldn't rouse him.

Shortly after Christmas a definite bid came through from Rice and Reynolds. Oil—his own game. It would mean a year in Persia if unsuccessful—three years or thereabouts if successful. There was British money involved, willing to work with or under American engineers in return for the opening of a market in the United States.

Rudy was elated, and there followed the long, slow but hopeful weeks of dickering, of estimating, of meeting and discussing. Jane got busy. She looked into the affairs of Moffin and Richmond. She looked up Mr. Richmond personally, and finally phoned him for an appointment.

In her office she faced him in her most charming mood. An emphatic dimpled man who could be counted on coming through the panic without being pauperized; the kind of man who would make ardent three-cornered love and then show you the pictures of his three lovely daughters.

"It occurred to me, Mr. Richmond," she smiled her most winning, "that you're carrying a pretty heavy load."

His eyes did not flicker.

"I thought we could be of mutual benefit." She leaned back and sighed. "Over a period of years you've practically taken over your firm, lock, stock, and barrel. Of course you're right, and the way you've been running it, for the most part, proves you're right. Moffin is old-fashioned."

"I have relieved Riley Moffin of a great deal more strain than he guesses."

"Exactly. Now there is a mortgage on your building that isn't anybody's pride and joy. I believe I could help you when it comes to your real-estate problems."

He relaxed slightly.

"Maybe you're not worried about it, Mr. Richmond, and if so, forget what I'm suggesting. But my corporation will personally take over that mortgage. What's more, I've looked into it. On a gamble, I'll renew it, raise it twenty thousand, and give you five instead of six per cent."

"Have you mentioned this to Moffin?"

"Well, Moffin isn't exactly boss, to speak frankly, is he?"

"To speak frankly, he isn't."

"Besides, he and I don't get along so well, Mr. Richmond."

"He's enormously fond of your husband."

"He's so fond of him that he wants to send him to his grave!" She got up, restless, irritable.

"Persia, you mean?"

She nodded.

"He belongs here," she pleaded softly. "You know how good he is. If you didn't you wouldn't have fought him so. You were a bit scared of him. Well, I don't think, somehow, you need be any longer."

"A very valuable man. But headstrong."

"So are you!" she smiled.

HE stood up, beaming as if enjoying a private joke. Left her with elaborate flattery.

"Fat fool!" she flung after him when he was well out of earshot. But she waited patiently for results, and was thrilled one evening when Rudy pridefully told her that Richmond had offered him his old job, and that he had enjoyed telling Richmond what he could do with it. The offer, said Richmond, stood, and if ever Rudy changed his mind all he had to do was walk in and hang up his hat.

Jane settled the matter of the mortgage in the following month, and to boot gave Richmond's elderly brother a commission job in her office.

In silence she waited. What and when would Rudy decide?

They were to leave the end of March! Kingsley Gibbs, Rudy, and five others. There would be four days in England before they set sail for Persia.

Late one night Rudy put his hands on her shoulders.

"Jane, this means a lot to me."

She nodded.

"I want to go."

"The baby is due the end of April. You said you wouldn't leave me, Rudy."

"I know. And I won't if you say so. But this is a chance of a lifetime. You see how long it is between drinks. This is my whole future, Jane."

"Just what would you like to do? Go in March—and what?"

"And have you join me when you can."

"That may be a year at least."

"I may get a short leave—just enough to see you before then. I know it sounds terrible, Jane, but what shall I do? Lots of women have children without their husbands being near them. You wouldn't be the first."

"No. No, I wouldn't be the first."

"Jane—you're angry."

"Why should I be? I'm not going to argue with you, Rudy. I'm tired of it. You do what you think is right—what will make you happiest. Don't ask me to judge. But consider my view. Your health is questionable. How do I know you will be able to stand even one year in

"I'd like to meet that man
THE ONE WHO CREATED THIS DELICIOUS DENTYNE"
"I'm sure he must be different and exciting . . . like the Dentyne flavor. And he must have high ideals, too, because Dentyne is really the finest kind of gum . . . quite in a class by itself. Have you noticed how much chewier it is? My dentist tells me it is very good for my teeth."
A long time ago people ate more chewy foods. And they had but little trouble with their teeth. Today we eat soft, tender foods. We chew less. And our mouth health suffers.
Dentyne supplies this necessary chewing exercise. It helps your mouth to cleanse itself. It strengthens and stimulates.
Most people — however — would chew Dentyne anyway just for its wonderful flavor. Its delightfully spicy, tempting goodness and the pleasant firmness of its "chew" make Dentyne the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of intelligent people. You should try it today.
Chew delicious
DENTYNE CHEWING GUM
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5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE
KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY KEEPS TEETH WHITE . . .

Persian oil fields? I'm to have my baby, wind up my business or kick it downstairs, and go where you go. And what do you care whether I sink or swim, make or lose?"

He sat silently in the dark.

"All right, Jane, and what am I supposed to do? Turn down the job just when I've got everybody worked up into a lather about me? And then what? Where does another chance come like this? What about the rest of my life?"

"You can go back into your old job at Moffin and Richmond's."

"Oh, that!"

"Yes, that! It's a good berth. A safe berth, safe for the rest of your life."

"I don't want to be safe the rest of my life."

"Well, I do!"

"Jane, don't quarrel with me. I couldn't bear it. Listen. I couldn't go on living this way. I couldn't face myself. I've got to mean something in the scheme of things. I've got to mean something to myself at least."

His voice was shrill, unnatural. With something more frightening than anger. His face in the shadows was gaunt.

She went swiftly to him, murmuring sympathy. She held his taut nerve-strung body close.

"We'll never speak of it again," she said. "Go ahead, Rudy, and all love and luck with you. Come back when you can. Or I'll go to you, wherever you are, as soon as I can."

But the day brought different thoughts, even with the first glimmer of dawn that lit her tear-stained sleepless face. It was insanity. He shouldn't go. He would never last. She was sure—sure he would never last. Some women facing childbirth become obsessed with the thought that death waits them at the end of their time. Jane, frightened and distracted, felt a premonition that Rudy was going to his death. That she would never see him again.

She partially confided one afternoon, after her regular examination, to Ham Sheppard. And in confiding she broke down and cried.

"My dear Jane," Ham told her, "if you want to go with him—if it means that much to you—I can arrange it."

The import of his words sizzled through her hot tears. She looked up, bewildered.

"Arrange things—how?" she demanded stupidly.

"That your baby be born in time. Regardless of your past experiences, this seems like a very normal birth to me, and you seem stronger than I've known you for years. If you wish to have your child in time to go with Rudy, we can do it for you."

"Premature?"

"Well, if necessary. I doubt if that is necessary. You see, we can bring on artificial labor. You can, these days, have your baby practically any day or hour you wish."

"Is it dangerous?"

"NOT really. It's done every day. I've done it hundreds of times."

"My God, Ham—do women know about this—or am I particularly ignorant?"

"Few know about it. It's just as well that they don't."

"And the baby is all right?"

"Jane, if everything were not all right I'd hardly risk it. I can set the date ahead for you between six or eight weeks. More if I have to, but in your case I wouldn't have to."

Her eyes became crafty. "But Rudy—he'd worry so. Would he have to know, Ham? He'd be frantic for fear something would happen. Couldn't we pretend—"

"We could pretend. I'd rather not."

"You'd have to. He'd never stand for it. Ham, is it very—painful?"

He smiled and shook his head.

"A bit. For a short time maybe. Normally I never let a woman suffer. With forced labor, there would be some suffering. I wouldn't permit much. I never do. I don't believe in it."

She began to laugh a bit hysterically.

"Ham—I'd mortgage my life to you. I can settle it now. March the twenty-fifth, early in the evening. Only we mustn't tell Rudy."

He leaned forward to make a notation on his desk pad, and she bit her lip to keep from breaking into a jellied giggling.

She listened to him, hearing nothing of what he said, and made her way in a daze out of his office.

March 25. Early in the evening.

And Rudy's boat was to sail at eleven that night.

She spanked her middle softly—proudly.

"If I can't stop him, maybe you can," she whispered.

SHE pretended her pains early in the day. By five she was at the hospital, with Rudy given over to the care of her mother and sister. Ham was true to his word. For two hours she took one injection after another, with little or no effect. Within fifteen minutes of recognizing pain, welcoming it with a fierce rush of gladness, she was given an anæsthetic. After that she remembered nothing. Vague glimpses occasionally; dim words pronounced by herself—words she wished she hadn't spoken. Then blackness and peace.

She woke five hours later. Almost instantly she felt arms around her and a voice in her ears—Rudy's voice.

"Jane darling!" He was crying, his tears in her hair.

"Rudy—what's sad?"

He held her close. She began to remember. She caught hold of his shoulders in terror.

"Rudy—the baby!"

"It's a boy, Jane. We have a son!"

She leaned back against the pillow, and then with sudden excitement sat straight up in bed.

"I don't believe it."

He got to his feet, but she caught hold of his arm.

"Rudy—your boat?"

"The hell with it."

"It's gone? Your job?"

"That's gone too. I had a blow-up with Gibbs."

"Oh, Rudy." She leaned back, very, very tired. Even when they brought in the baby she was tired. Too terribly tired to see it clearly. Her mother came a moment and was as quickly whisked out. She was alone. When the nurse entered Jane was smoking—leaning on her elbow, staring at the stars out her window, and smoking.

"Where did you get that cigarette?" the nurse demanded with soft disapproval.

"I don't remember. I think Mr. West gave it to me. Please let me finish it."

A moment later she smiled over at the nurse.

"I thought women were very sick and sore after childbirth," she said. "I haven't a pain in me."

"No woman has with Dr. Sheppard."

She kidded Ham about that the next morning. God's gift to mothers! But Ham was in no kidding mood.

"You tricked me as well as him," he said sharply. "You planned this to keep him from that job! Not to go with him!"

"But you didn't give me away?"

He looked away scornfully

"Ham, it was the right thing to do. I had to do it. He isn't well enough—"

"You shouldn't have lied to me."

"What difference does it make? We'll all be better off. You wait and see."

"I think," said Ham contemptuously, "that it was the lowest trick I've ever seen played."

Jane sat up abruptly, her hand reaching out to catch at his sleeve.

"Ham, I don't care what you think!" she cried, surprised at the shrillness of her own voice. "Once Rudy told me something about love. He said that people will lie and cheat, they'll steal or murder—that they'll break any law of God or man for the one they love. And he's right. I've never forgotten it. He said a lot of things I've never forgotten. I'm not sorry if I've played the lowest trick in the world. I'm glad! It was the only way—the only thing to do. And I did it. And if you think it was easy to do, you're crazy. You're all crazy—"

She felt herself being pushed back against the pillow and fought against them, wildly begging to be heard.

Ham, the nurse—and was that Marion? She felt some one holding her arm forcibly and felt the sharp quick sting of a needle. And though she still wanted to tell them, though she still tried to explain, her lips moved and no words came. Her tears trickled down her face and neck and she was too tired to wipe them away.

Recovery was slow and dull. Ham never came back to her, and she did not care.

"I just happened in—blundered in when you were raving your head off," Marion told her. "It was terrible. Thank God, Rudy hadn't come with me. By the time he came you were quieted."

Jane gazed stupidly at her.

"You had your nerve with you," Marion said in hushed admiration. "And personally I think you were right. Three years in Persia and you would have lost him. Even granting he could have made good, and his health would have lasted the job through, your marriage would have gone on the rocks. It was a show-down."

"Yes," said Jane dully, "it was a show-down."

"He feels terribly about losing out. Moffin gave him holy hell, I gather. Rudy and I were talking—down in the waiting room that night. He says if he had to do it all over again he'd still make the same choice. He isn't sorry he stayed. But he's awfully sorry he didn't go."

Marion laughed importantly.

"He went on an awful bender though. I suppose you heard about it."

"Oh, yes, I've heard about it."

"It's family history. I stuck to him though, all the way through. I think we went to ten speaks. I even waited for him outside his university club. *Hours!*"

She rose to fuss with her hat and fur scarf, to draw on her immaculate white gloves, and to swipe a gardenia from the bowl beside Jane's bed for her lapel.

"It's a great world." She kissed Jane a final affectionate smack. "You have everything to live for. A husband who's crazy about you. A lovely new baby—who *is* cute, Jane. Everything!"

But with all her bright animation, Jane felt sadder and more deeply depressed when Marion was gone. Even the baby could not dim the desire to cry. He was strange, this baby, with soft doughy features. He was the embodiment of all strangeness, of all the painful pathetic helplessness of humanity. And strangest of all was to look into his tiny unfamiliar face and call him Rudy.

"This," she said, gazing down at his tiny lips that made suckling movements in his sleep, "is supposed to be the closest thing in the world to me—the greatest love a woman can know."

Rudy came and found her crying, and in his arms she told him how very, very tired she was and that nothing rested her.

"It's this damn' place." He got up restlessly. "Enough to get anybody's goat. I think you'd get well much quicker at home."

"Is it the place, Rudy?" she bawled idiotically. "Will I ever really get strong again any place?"

SHE felt his kisses on her hot face and heard his voice giving orders. Languidly she listened and submitted to all the preparations. Her heart fluttered excitedly when she was wheeled down the long darkish corridors lined with doors that were closed on pain and torment. Beside her walked Rudy and a nurse in a hideous brown coat and hat carrying the baby.

In the ambulance she tried to sit up. The more they protested the more insistent she was.

"Leave her alone, Miss Harper," Rudy directed anxiously. "It's the first time she's wanted to sit up. Go ahead, Jane, and sit up till you drop. And here's a cigarette."

Her hand trembled as she held her smoke, and Rudy leaned over, his arm around her as a prop. She gazed out the window.

"It's spring," she said with blank astonishment.

"Middle of April," Rudy agreed. "Lilacs out at home!"

Her eyes filled again with weak tears. She had forgotten the world. It seemed long ago that she had left it; that wind-swept rainy Wednesday that Rudy was to sail.

In her own beautiful brown-and-yellow bedroom that welcomed her with a special blessing, tucked into her own big soft bed with its canopy of yellow organdie, a huge bowl of creamy yellow roses beside her, Jane closed her eyes and fell into a long and fulsome sleep. At some strange hour she opened her eyes and found Rudy sitting by the fireplace in his pyjamas and dressing robe. She called his name.

He kissed her and summoned the nurse, but somehow she held his hand even as he was giving orders.

He grinned down at her.

"I'm the doctor now. Hot milk and brandy," he promised, "then back to sleep again."

"Oh, Rudy, let me look at you."

He sat on the bed and she took his face in her hands and studied it. It was thinner, sharper. He had thought many thoughts she had not shared in the past few weeks.

"It seems so long," she whispered. "So long."

"Too bloody long," he agreed. "Never again, Jane. No more babies."

She caught him to her.

"Do you feel so terrible—not going, Rudy? Tell me."

"NO. I don't know. It's over and done. I don't think about it any more. My father took it hard though. He felt it was the one big chance I had."

"Is that why he hasn't written me—or called?"

"No. He's ill. I'm worried about him. I've brought him up to New York for X rays and tests. I didn't want to tell you."

"Oh, I'm sorry. What is it?"

"They're not sure yet."

"Poor Rudy—you've had your troubles."

"I'll say I have," he nodded briefly. "And do you know what was worst of all, Jane? Coming home here and your not being here. It was hell. I said to myself, 'Hell, if I'd gone away for three years I'd have had to get used to it.' I don't think I could have. Love makes a fool of you all right."

"Rudy, you do love me."

"I'm an utter softy over you. I nearly went out of my mind that time you sprang a fever—the day after the kid was born. They wouldn't let me in to see you. I drank myself into a coma. I suppose you heard about it."

"I heard plenty about it."

"Every time I came to, I saw Marion's face grinning at me. It's a wonder I didn't mutilate her."

"She meant the best—"

"I hate people who mean the best. She certainly got my goat forever that night. Then the next day she called for me at the office and what does she do but pick up a friend of Richmond. Very wealthy old sot. And does she make a play for him? Named Carter. Still running around with him. Makes me sick."

"Rudy—she picked you up at the office?"

"Oh! I'm back at my old job."

She stared at him.

"Rudy—am I mean to be glad? Terribly glad?"

He shook his head with a vague crooked smile.

"No, you're not mean, baby. I can understand it now—when I found out how it felt to come near to losing you."

He stood up, a little restless, and began poking around for tobacco to fill his pipe. The nurse entered and gave them both a tame smile.

"I'm afraid we'll have to ask you to leave a while, Mr. West," she said brightly.

"Aw, hell," he muttered. "All right."

Later he came back with a highball and sat with Jane while she drank her hot milk and brandy. As the nurse left, Rudy locked the door with a grunt. He took the tray from Jane and put it in the middle of the floor, turned out the lights, and climbed in bed beside her.

"I'll lie very still," he promised, "and won't turn or move the covers a bit. If I bother you, you just say so and I'll get out."

"You won't bother me," she promised happily.

"Jane," he whispered, "it's a hell of a thing to love anybody as I love you. Don't ever let me down—will you, Jane? If I couldn't count on you I wouldn't have anything."

READERS OF LIBERTY MAGAZINE
U.S.A.

FLASH ---SURVEY JUST COMPLETED
AMONG LIBERTY READERS TO SEE WHICH
GIN IS MOST POPULAR, SHOWS:-
OLD MR. BOSTON DRY GIN 88%
ALL OTHER BRANDS COMBINED 12%
BEN-BURK, INC. BOSTON, MASS.

She had him at last—completely hers, and the knowledge gave her the balance she had been looking for. What matter if she had won him unfairly? What if she kept him beside her by the lowest trick Ham Sheppard ever saw played? As long as Rudy never found out, she was safe. His joy in having her back, in being together again, living a regular life together, bordered on intoxication.

Jane's business was in a dangerous tangle. True, her absence had come during one of the most insane upheavals in the real estate world; and even more truly, Edgar Holloway had been out of practice in running a business himself, and quite obviously he had held the reins with a trembling hand. But the spring of 1930 was no time for trembling hands, no time for some one "to sleep on it," for by the time that some one woke the whole array of figures had changed. It was time for either a great conservatist or a great opportunist, and Edgar was neither.

For a period Jane's pardonable anger helped pull her spirits out of the wet marshes of lassitude that had swamped her in the hospital. The excitement seemed to fatten and strengthen her as no tonic or series of injections could. A month in harness herself and she apologized to Edgar.

"This is anybody's market." She put her arm about his shoulder. "It changes overnight and nobody can outguess it."

She tried to forget her problems when she headed home. Her baby became a person, with worries and problems of his own, strangely divine tricks of supernatural cleverness that he had brought with him from some other world. Yet even the baby could not blot out the kaleidoscope of gray-pale worried faces that had spotted the day; the screaming news of suicides, the desperate pleas for help, for money, for jobs. . . .

"Poor little Jane," Rudy laughed at her at a family dinner. "Down to her last million or something."

"I'm damn' near in the red, if you want to know," she flared.

"Who isn't?" he shrugged.

Has Jane actually been wiped out also in the great crash? What effect, if any, would such a disaster have upon her new-found happiness with Rudy? Next week's installment brings fresh ordeals for the Great I McAm.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **MARY PETERS** by Mary Ellen Chase. The Macmillan Company.
Mary Peters, born and raised for fifteen years on a merchant ship off Singapore, later lives in a village on the Maine coast. One world shadows the other—a tragic and happy and always interesting story.

★ ★ ★ **FONTAMARA** by Ignazio Silone; translated from the Italian by Michael Wharf. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, Inc.
Moving in its simplicity and pathos, delightful in its naïve humor—the story of an Italian town in a brief uncomprehending struggle against Fascism.

★ ★ ★ **TROS OF SAMOTHRACE** by Talbot Mundy. D. Appleton-Century Company.
A gusty romance of an unconquerable soul in the fell clutch of Cæsar's seizure of the world.

★ ★ ½ **THE WOLVES** by Guy Mazeline; translated from the French by Eric Sutton. The Macmillan Company.
This solid volume, dealing with the moral and financial collapse of a bourgeois French family, won the Goncourt Prize in 1932. It marches through a maze of malice and stupidity to inevitable tragedy. Richly and convincingly written, but wordy and depressing.

★ ★ **GRANDFATHER'S FOLLIES** by James J. Geller. The Macaulay Company.
A loving account, which, with the aid of John Held, Jr.'s priceless woodcuts, will give the younger generation an insight into the shows that made grandpa's heart miss a few beats.

★ ★ **THE NEW WORLD OF SCIENCE** by A. Frederick Collins. J. B. Lippincott Company.
Popular scientific information from television to cosmic rays in reasonably readable form.

★ **SANDRIK** by Olga Tchirikova; introduction by Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Dodd, Mead & Co.
A Russian mother pours out her soul simply and at times touchingly to the son she bore and is raising in exile.

WATCH FOR THESE MAD DOGS!

JOHN HAMILTON. Wanted at Lima, Ohio, for the murder of Sheriff Jesse Sarber in October, 1933, when Hamilton and four others who had escaped from the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City, rescued Dillinger from the jail at Lima.

CHARLES A. "PRETTY BOY" FLOYD. Wanted in connection with the murder of Otto Reed, chief of police of McAlester, Oklahoma, and other officers who were slain in Kansas City in June, 1933. He has a long criminal record.

JOHN DILLINGER is dead—shot down in the street in Chicago like the mad dog he was.

One of his rabid ex-associates, Homer Van Meter, has also been killed.

But three others, three as vicious, as murderous, as diabolically "lucky" in escaping capture as Dillinger himself was, are still at large. These three are:

"BABY FACE" NELSON—really LESTER M. GILLIS
JOHN HAMILTON
CHARLES A. "PRETTY BOY" FLOYD

They are being hunted—but who knows that at this moment some or all of them are not prowling, armed, through the streets of American cities? Dillinger, despite the hunt for him, did so almost to the day of his death.

His career made law and order for a time look foolish. Nobody is safe while these confederates of his and other killers of their stamp are running loose. His record was a disgrace to the nation; but it served to show that we cannot leave it to the officers of the law alone, without our help, to bring such men to bay.

The public should join in the hunt. Everybody should take a hand in the effort to rid the country of mad dogs like these.

Liberty Will Gladly Pay $1,000 to the Reader Who Causes the Capture of Any of These Criminals

Therefore, Liberty is offering a reward of $1,000 for information leading to the arrest or capture of any of the three—dead or alive!

"Baby Face" Nelson and John Hamilton were cronies of Dillinger and are murderers. Pretty Boy Floyd is a Western bad man and ruthless killer. Floyd, when surrounded by cops, has actually made friends of small-town merchants and others—by flattery, by gallantry, by gifts of money. These friends have aided him to escape.

Like Dillinger himself, each of the three has repeatedly slipped through cordons of village, city, county, state, and federal police forces.

But they cannot elude all the people of the country!

If you happen to see one of them, communicate at once with the nearest policeman.

If your tip leads to the capture of any of the three, Liberty will gladly pay you the $1,000 reward. Liberty is more than willing to pay $3,000 to rid the nation of three such mad dogs.

Study their pictures carefully. Read their records. Then keep your eyes open!

In case of conflicting claims, Liberty shall be the sole judge as to the payment or distribution of the reward.

Left: BABY FACE NELSON, killer and bank robber—now Public Enemy Number One and the Department of Justice's "most wanted man." His real name is Lester M. Gillis. He is charged with crimes including the murder of W. Carter Baum, special agent of the Department, at Spider Lake, Wisconsin, a year ago when Dillinger and others were besieged there and escaped.

Another Mad Dog Captured!

As Liberty goes to press, word comes that RICHARD TALLMAN GALATAS has been arrested, identified by a reader from his picture in Liberty. If it is confirmed, Liberty will gladly pay the $1,000 reward—and hopes other readers will be encouraged to track down the remaining mad dogs. Watch for the full story next week!

Vox

MONEY MISERY

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial When Wealth Brings Happiness, in September 22 Liberty, was one of the best things I have read. Wealth dispensed in the betterment of your fellow men and children should be enough to make others realize the joy it has given them, and in that way make the other men of wealth see the light.

When money gives you everything you want, from then on you are miserable unless you follow out this plan of dividing your wealth with others less fortunate. Then your real joys of wealth are really appreciated. Wealth can make headaches and misery, or it can make joys and sunshine.—*J. Cleve Scott.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—When Wealth Brings Happiness is true, every word of it. Wealth does not buy happiness.—*Mrs. E. H. Reeves.*

MR. FUSSELL WANTS TO FUSS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—After reading the various comments on your pages I have come to the conclusion that Vox Pop is an institution. Yeah! For the feeble-minded.—*Bill Fussell.*

LINE FORMS TO THE RIGHT, GIRLS

CULVER CITY, CALIF.—Just a line to say how much I have enjoyed the Frazier Hunt series, The Bachelor Prince (beginning in September 29 Liberty). I can hardly wait to see if he will answer the questions he has asked. It is all very interesting.—*Mary Sharon.*

LEGAL BUNK

STOCKTON, CALIF.—Horace R. Hayday's Four-Star Letter in September 1 Liberty, A Defense of Lawyers, was typical of our American attorneys—our Philadelphia attorneys in particular. Answering H. L. Mencken's article What to Do with Criminals, in July 28 Liberty, how cleverly Mr. Hayday turned the issue and shoved the blame on to the law instead of the lawyers!

Why is it that the French and German people have modern codes of law which the layman can comprehend, while we are burdened with a mass of statutes that tax even a clever attorney's understanding? Yet we are told that "ignorance of the law excuses no one." Isn't it possible for this country to do away with hundreds of volumes of its antiquated legal bunk? The attorneys should know the answer to this.—*F. Leuz.*

DER FUEHRER AND MUNITIONS MAKERS

KEARNY, N. J.—Dr. Albert Brandt's article How the War Racket Is Helping Hitler, in September 15 Liberty, was very interesting, as much because of the alarming regimentation of facts he presented as for the informal manner of his writing. The authoritative tone of the article convinced the reader of the necessity we are under to recognize and reflect upon the international menace Hitler has become—not only *Der Fuehrer* but also the munitions makers who are intertwined with his government.

Liberty is doing a great service in publishing such information.—*Alan Branigan.*

DO SKUNKS TURN THEIR BACKS?

ILION, N. Y.—Next time Paul Annixter writes a story about a skunk he should first study the methods of this little animal. In Hunter's Moon (September 8 Liberty) he had Phidias, the skunk, turning his back when he started to attack an enemy. As a matter of fact a skunk always faces the object of his attack.

I know this because my children have a pet skunk, and it is a much better playmate than a dog.—*N. J. Bennett.*

PURE AND UNSULLIED

CANTON, OHIO—Jerome Beatty's Pure and Unsullied, in September 29 Liberty, holds so much truth, one is led to wonder if honorable lawyers who read it aren't a bit ashamed of the kind of company they must keep in their profession.

As a newspaperman of long experience, I have had opportunity to know that Mr. Beatty's indictment of Senator Garlock might easily be made a true bill against many of the legal profession.—*J. S. Wilhelm.*

MANSFIELD, OHIO—Pure and Unsullied is the very best short story I ever had the pleasure of reading. I am sixty-five years old.—*R. P. Kissane.*

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM

SCRANTON, PA.—I believe in "hands across the sea" and am willing to put out my hand three quarters of the way to bring about a union of the English-speaking peoples. But some of those Britishers seem to love nothing better than to pick the pinfeathers from the American eagle. Did you see the movie British Agent? Does any one think they can promote better feelings between countries by such a picture as this?

Do the subjects of King George really think that our American ambassadors are nothing more than comic hicks? Was the American ambassador to Russia the low-comedy figure this picture makes him out to be? While the ambassadors from every other country are portrayed as staid and dignified gentlemen!

In British Agent we find one American kidded about cheating at cards, a gum-chewing comic labeled an American. The whole thing conveys the idea that the United States is simply the most crude and least developed of the British colonies, with perhaps some gold filling in its heart.

Of course the whole thing is the old British game of baiting Americans.

On the other hand, we are not entirely blameless. Hollywood producers have created in Great Britain the idea that our country is made up of crooks and gangsters and dissolute women. When I lived in England, people there took it for granted that it was unsafe to venture out on the streets of Chicago, and would not believe me when I told them that Chicago is a fairly civilized city with skyscrapers and everything.

Why can't the producers on both sides of the Atlantic try to paint a true picture of their countrymen and the other fellow's countrymen, instead of making caricatures?—*John Conbull.*

NOTORIOUS AMERICAN UNCOUTHNESS

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—R. E. Tweed in September 8 Vox Pop asks, "Why the 'Princess' [to Alexandra Kropotkin's name]?" He thinks such a title is so "unnatural and unnecessary at this time." The presence of a few more such persons in this country, and their influence, Mr. Tweed, may in time tend to eradicate some of the notorious American uncouthness. The title is best retained, that we may recognize our example.—*M. Bernardt G.*

MAD DOGS

FARMINGDALE, N. Y.—Watch for These Mad Dogs! in September 15 Liberty, with photographs of fugitive members of the Dillinger gang and an offer of $1,000 each for information leading to their capture, is a wonderful idea. It enables citizens not only to abide by the law but to be generously rewarded for doing so.—*John H. Vahlbusch.*

MORE DEPENDABLE THAN RAIN

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—Eventually our arid and semi-arid states will all have to be supplied with water more dependable than rain. Why not artesian wells, which have the oceans as their supply basis? Drought relief could be almost immediate then, as I understand two weeks' work will bring in an artesian well. Now is the time to start drilling wells throughout the country. Another calamity such as the recent one could thus be forestalled.

Give the farmers a reliable water supply and they will pull the country out of the depression.—*Mrs. M. Shnable.*

GARY COOPER'S MONTANA UPBRINGING

BUTTE, MONT.—I want to hurl the lie into the teeth of Beverly Hills's statement in September 8 Liberty that Gary Cooper is becoming one of Hollywood's finest drawing-room players *in spite of his Montana upbringing.*

I'll have Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Hills know that a Montana upbringing is an asset, and it is indeed unfortunate that he, or she, can't claim this distinction—unfortunate, that is, for Beverly Hills; not Montana.—*Margaret McCarthy.*

WHEN "THE SENILE GAFFERS" ARE DEAD

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Ray Powers took too much for granted in his reply to Jay Franklin's article Trouble Begins at 40, in September 8 Liberty, when he said he thought all college graduates would agree with his line of thought. Franklin stated incontrovertible facts, whereas Powers wrote childish nonsense when he

Pop

suggested we should wait for college graduates like himself to take charge of things.—*Richard E. Allen.*

MIRA LOMA, CALIF.—This Ray Powers who undertakes to answer Jay Franklin is so smugly college-conscious he fails to use ordinary intelligence in his deductions. He says "Silver Shirts, Black Shirts, Communism, and Fascism are bred in the less intelligent classes."

Is his head so steeped in academic lore he cannot see that joblessness, privation, and hunger in a land of plenty are the breeders of these evils, regardless of sect, creed, or degree of intelligence?—*Freda Bruecker.*

DO YOU MEAN WHAT, OR WHY?

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.—Twenty Questions in September 15 Liberty asks the following question: "How fast can an ostrich run?" The answer is: "Over sixty miles an hour."

There is only one thing I would like to know, and that is: What an ostrich is able to run at sixty miles per hour or over.—*A. W. Jones, Jr.*

WOULD YOU BUZZ AROUND TWICE A WEEK?

EDMONTON, ALTA. — Couldn't you make Liberty a biweekly? Aw, come on! Be a honey.—*Mrs. T. W. H. Back.*

WHETHER THEY ARE EX-SERVICE PERSONS OR NOT

SAN FERNANDO, CALIF.—Here's a plan that would reduce veteran administration costs to ten per cent of their present staggering amount and remove veteran affairs from politics:

Grant adequate remuneration, rehabilitation, medical treatment, and training to every service-disabled needy veteran, and the needy dependents of all veterans who lost their lives, health, or earning power in the national military service.

Appropriate relief to the extent of actual need for all impoverished aged persons, the sick, unemployed, and their dependents, whether they are ex-service persons or not.

Meantime, every effort should be directed toward removing the cause of poverty of these persons.

The administrative officers of such a project should be appointed for life terms and liberally paid.—*A Disabled Veteran Member of the United States League for the Promotion of Intelligent and Conscientious Voting.*

MISTER PRINTER, SET THIS IN BIG TYPE

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—I have often wondered why, when so many diverse topics are discussed and cussed (mostly cussed) in Vox Pop, we have so sadly neglected the man who conducts this department. Liberty extends to us our inalienable American right of making fools of ourselves in public, and then by some miracle this man assembles our prattle into a readable page. He deserves consideration.

Any person who can wade through the reams of inane drivel that he receives daily and concoct from it an interesting and even humorous column is entitled to a place in my hall of fame. He must have some of the patience of Job, the diplomacy of Voltaire, and the humor of Mark Twain.

Vox Pop Editor, my hat is off to you. Long may your clever captions wave!—*D. S. Gilmore.*

CANADIAN PIONEERS

TORONTO, ONT.—In September 29 Liberty Princess Kropotkin wrote:

"It made me remember that Canada is still more or less a land of pioneers."

The Princess seems to have the impression that after crossing the international boundary one would see covered wagons and people dressed in buckskin clothes. Many others from the United States expect to step from green grass to four feet of snow.—*Hugh W. Mole.*

[Princess Kropotkin intended this to be a compliment. Pioneers are trail blazers and the salt of the earth.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

YOU SAW IT FIRST IN LIBERTY

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Another orchid to Liberty! Way back in March, Senator Robinson's article Will Japan Seize Alaska? said: "The United States Navy, which may be called upon at any time to defend Alaska, should make regular trips to those waters." Now, half a year later, the newspapers reveal that our fleet will concentrate its 1935 maneuvers in Alaskan waters.

Still up to your old trick of calling 'em—and calling 'em *correct*—before they happen!—*J. D. Thompson.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I see that Liberty was well in front of the news again on the "munitioneers" inquiry. Senator Vandenberg's startling and illuminating article (September 1) must have given the war profiteers a little advance squirming.—*Harry Murphy.*

SEE GENESIS III, 21

LOGAN, W. VA.—If Liberty gave prizes for ludicrous questions, one should certainly go to Mrs. P. G. Forester of Globe, Arizona, for her September 15 Vox Pop letter in which she asked: "Why are babies born naked if it was not intended they go that way throughout life?" Mrs. Forester should get out her Bible and read Genesis, third chapter, twenty-first verse: "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them."—*Berta Gano.*

PENTICTON, B. C.—Mrs. P. G. Forester's letter asking why babies are born naked certainly is going the limit. Woman has enough trouble bearing a child as it is, without having it ready dressed.

One man said he came into this world without a rag on his back, and now he is covered with rags.—*George Taylor.*

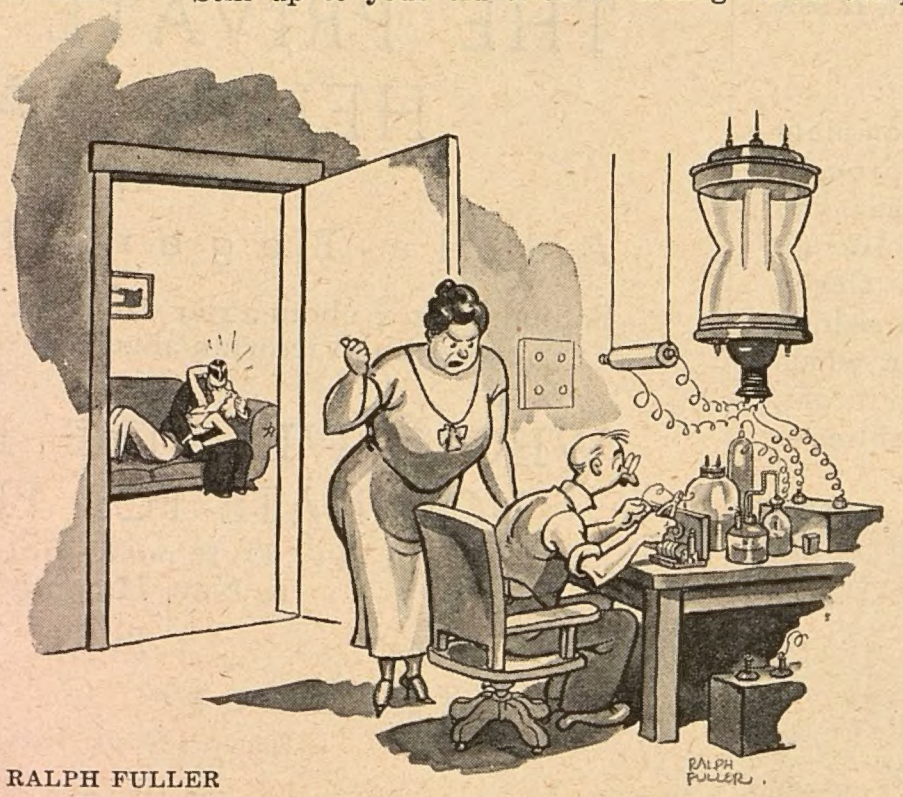
[Among the many other interesting contributions to this debate, the Editor of Vox Pop awards honorable mention to J. C. Divine of Lexington, Ky., M. E. Morey of Pensacola, Fla., and Maynard Nixon of Willow Creek, Mont.]

SO, THEY SLEEP ON BEDS, MR. BERCOVICI

HONGKONG, CHINA—It is a pity Konrad Bercovici did not stay with the gypsies, of whom he may know something. He certainly knows nothing of China, of which he writes so fluently in Love in the Dragon's Shadow (September 15 Liberty).

We have no castles in China and no lacquered floors, and we do not sleep on the floor as the Japanese do. We sleep on beds.

The whole of the story is utter rot from our point of view.—*Su Ling Chee.*



by RALPH FULLER

"Henry, will you please stop trying to control the cosmic ray and come and make Elsie behave?"

BULLETS AND TONGUES

FAIRFAX, VA.—In To the Ladies! (of September 22 Liberty) Alexandra Kropotkin has a paragraph about chewed bullets being found on the sites of colonial battles.

She said they were given soldiers who were being operated on to lessen their screams.

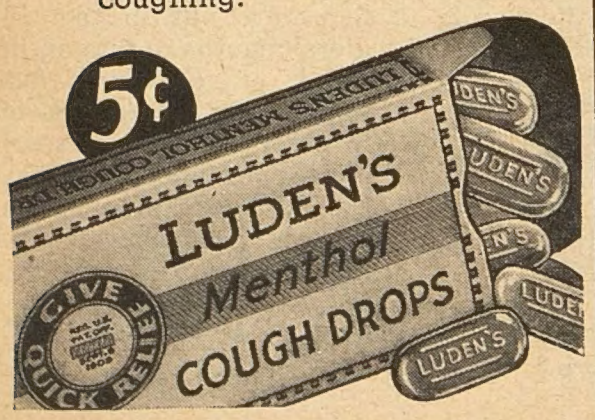
That is wrong. The bullets were put in the soldiers' mouths to bite on instead of chewing their tongues to pieces! Even in more modern times soldiers operated on on battlefields have been given something to chew on, in the absence of anæsthetics, to save their tongues and lips. — *Edwin A. Roseberry.*

No coughs to break her slumber now

It pays to ★ LUDENIZE

When a cough keeps her awake, put a Luden's in her mouth. It will soothe away the irritation and lay a soft, protective coating on those dry, raw spots.

★**"LUDENIZE"**—the complete throat medicating process which occurs the moment you place a Luden's Menthol Cough Drop in your mouth . . . eleven medicinal ingredients melting into a soothing lotion which quickly moistens the throat, stops irritation and relieves coughing.



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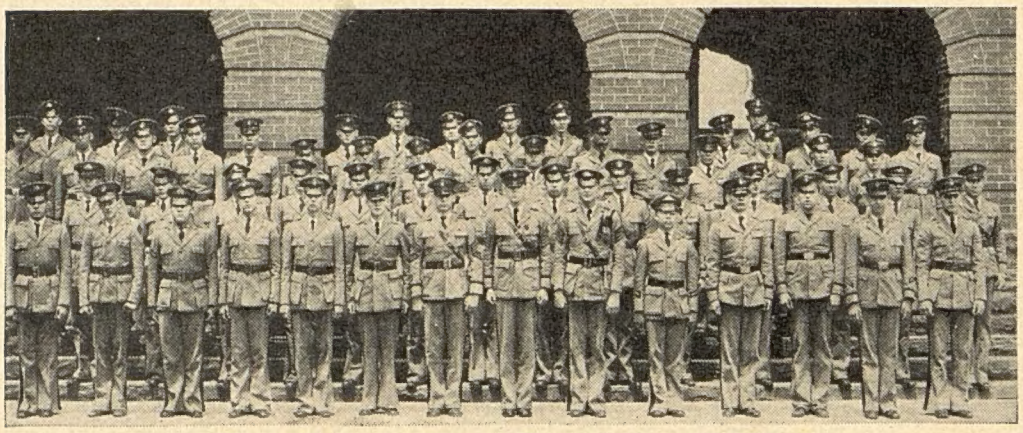

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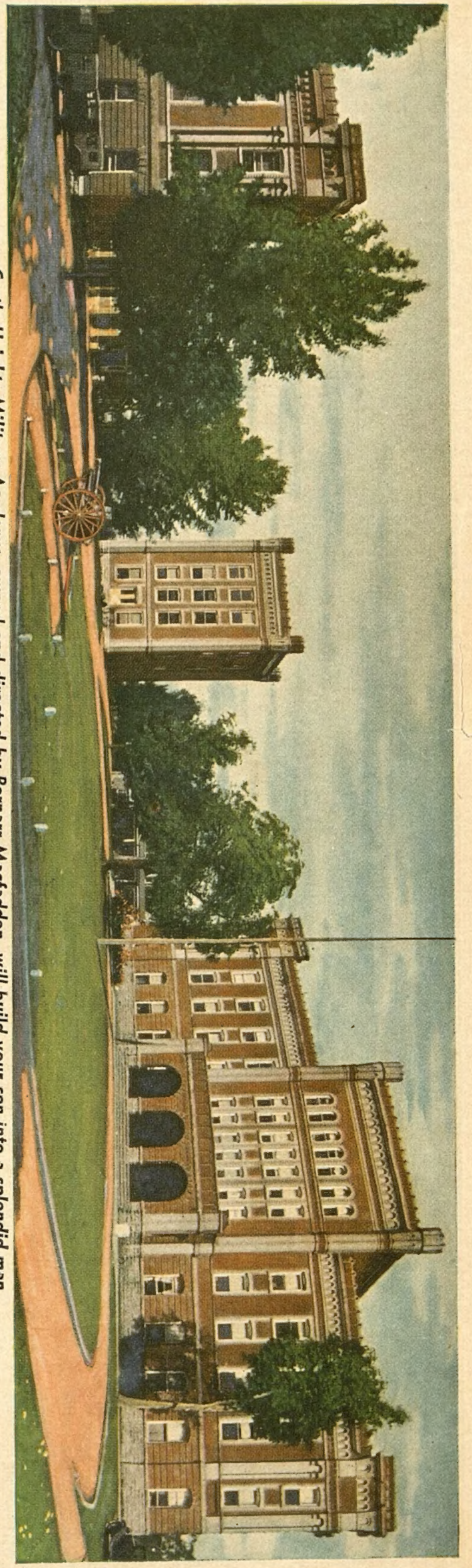

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